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Police Magazine

ISSUED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE CONFERENCE

January, 1925

PERRITON MAXWELL
Editor-Publisher

WALTER G. SPRINGER
Business Manager

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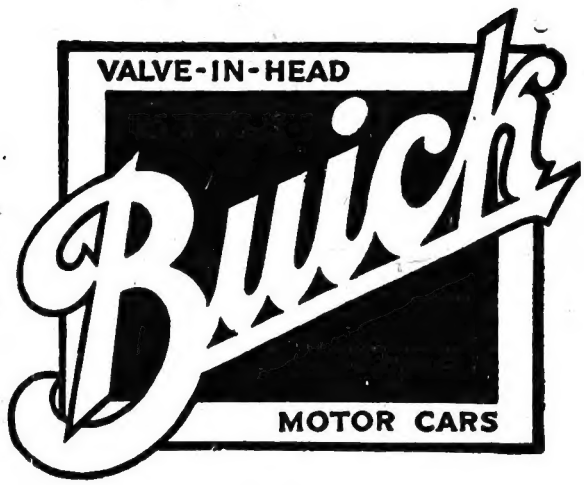
New 

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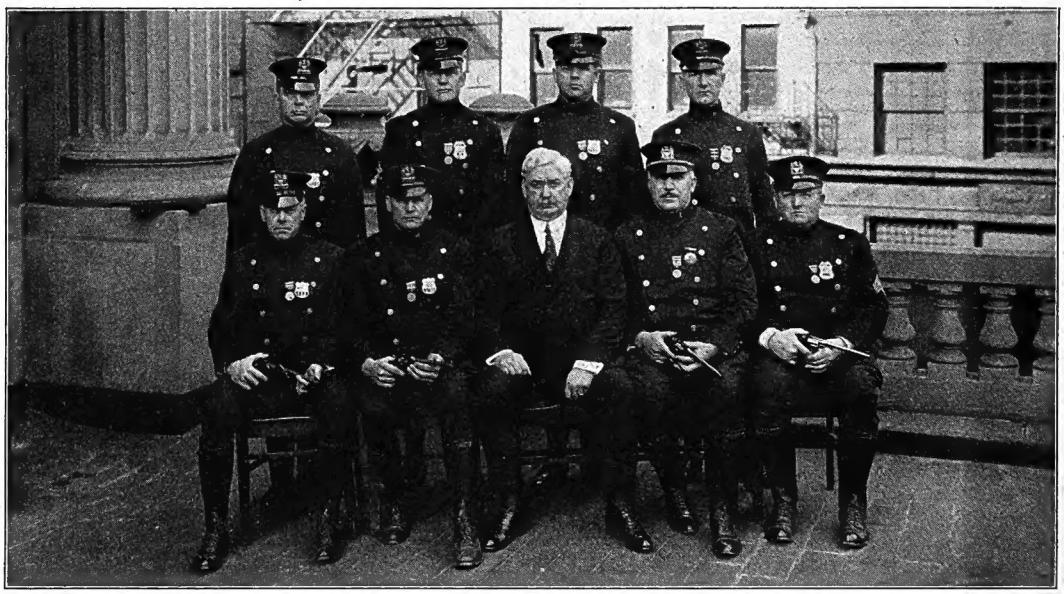

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Police Departments are Realizing the Need of Marksmanship . .

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PULL

THE real value of any magazine to an advertiser is determined solely by the increased sale of his merchandise through the printed word. If magazine advertising did not pay enormous dividends on the investment in words, white paper and printer's ink, nine-tenths of the big business enterprises of the country would be non-existent. This is a trite, true and time-proven fact.

But money spent indiscriminately on advertising space is as foolish as buying a hand-mirror for an army mule. Naturally, in these days of scientific selling to the public, very little money is wasted on the non-productive exploitation of a merchant's wares. The one weak spot in the armor of the inexperienced advertiser is his illusion that huge circulation is preferable to publication in a medium of small but intensive reader appeal and interest. Some of the most profitable returns from advertising have been achieved through magazines of comparatively small circulation whose readers are completely "sold" on its value to them, whose every number is read and re-read from cover to cover. Such a periodical is POLICE MAGAZINE.

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"In the Champs Elysees restaurant, in Paris, we saw 'Dapper Don' Collins, wearing a sporty little moustache, and dining with a beautiful young woman."

(*See "Detectives' Luck," page* 20)

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POLICE MAGAZINE

ISSUED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE CONFERENCE
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VOLUME TWO
NUMBER THREE

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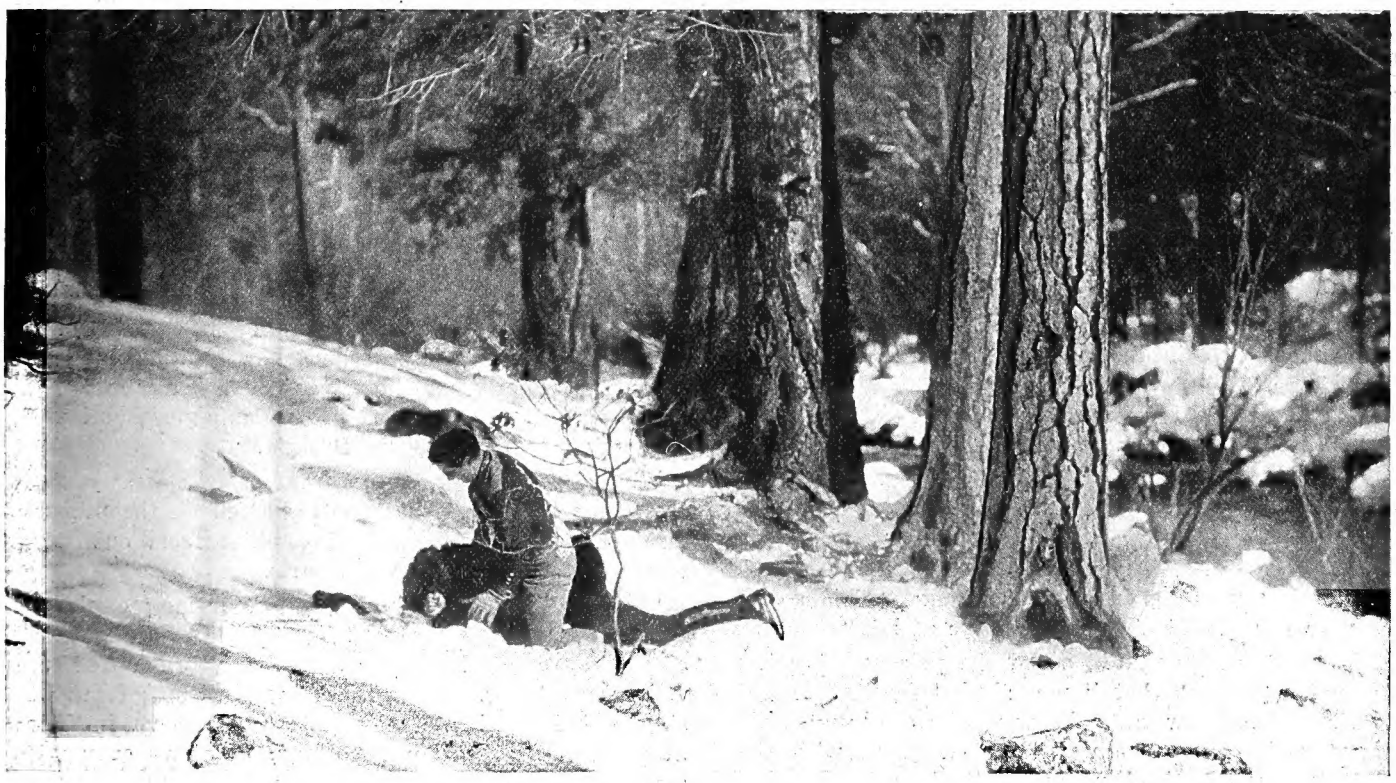

Billy Loring, who was wanted for murder, had been a hard man to find, but he was caught at last.

The Last Match

A Red-Blooded Story of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police

By James Oliver Curwood

Author of "The Alaskan," "The Flaming Forest," "The Valley of Silent Men," "Nomads of the North," etc.

SERGEANT BROKAW was hatchet-faced, with shifting pale blue eyes, that had a glint of cruelty in them. He was tanned and stocky, and lithe as a cat. He belonged to the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, and was one of the best men on the trail that had ever gone into the North. His business was man-hunting. Ten years of seeking after human prey had given to him many of the characteristics of a fox. For six of those ten years he had represented law north of fifty-three. Now he had come to the end of his last hunt, close up to the Arctic Circle. For one hundred and eighty-seven days he had been following a man. The hunt had begun in mid-summer, and it was now mid-winter. Brokaw's horse had fractured a leg and sustained frightful internal injuries in a fall over a snow-covered declivity. The accident happened in the wilderness, with no hope of aid for the animal, and Brokaw, with anguished soul, had shot his companion of many months and varied thrilling experiences. Billy Loring, who was wanted for murder, had been a hard man to find. But he was caught at last, and Brokaw was keenly exultant. It was his greatest achievement. It would mean a great deal for him down at headquarters.

In the rough and dimly lighted cabin his man sat opposite him, on a bench, his manacled hands crossed over his knees. He was a younger man than Brokaw —thirty, or a little better. His hair was long, reddish,

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and untrimmed. A stubble of reddish beard covered his face. His eyes, too, were blue— of the deep, honest blue that one remembers, and most frequently trusts. He did not look like a criminal. There was something almost boyish in his face, a little hollowed by long privation. He was the sort of man that other men liked. Even Brokaw, who had a heart like flint in the face of crime, had melted a little.

"Ugh!" he shivered. "Listen to that beastly wind! It means three days of storm."

Outside a gale was blowing straight down from the Arctic. They could hear the steady moaning of it in the spruce tops over the cabin, and now and then there came one of those raging blasts that filled the night with strange shrieking sounds. Volleys of fine, hard snow beat against the one window with a rattle-like shot. In the cabin it was comfortable. It was Billy's cabin. He had built it deep in a swamp, where there were lynx and fisher cat to trap, and where he had thought that no one could find him. The sheet-iron stove was glowing hot. An oil lamp hung from the ceiling. Billy was sitting so that the glow of this fell on his face. It scintillated on the rings of steel about his wrists. Brokaw was a cautious man, as well as a clever one, and he took no chances.

"I like storms—when you're inside, an' close to a stove," replied Billy. "Makes me feel sort of—safe." He smiled a little grimly. Even at that it was not an unpleasant smile.

Brokaw's snow-reddened eyes gazed at the other.

"There's something in that," he said. "This storm will give you at least three days more of life."

"Won't you drop that?" asked the prisoner, turning his face a little, so that it was shaded from the light. "You've got me now, an' I know what's coming as well as you do." His voice was low and quiet, with the faintest trace of a broken note in it, deep down in his throat. "We're alone, old man, and a long way from anyone. I ain't blaming you for catching me. I haven't got anything against you. So let's drop this other thing —what I'm going down to—and talk something pleasant. I know I'm going to hang. That's the law. It'll be unpleasant enough when it comes, don't you think? Let's talk about—about—home. Got any kids?"

Brokaw shook his head, and took his pipe from his mouth.

"Never married," he said shortly.

"Never married," mused Billy, regarding him with a curious softening of his blue eyes. "You don't know what you've missed, Brokaw. Of course, it's none o' my business, but you've got a home—somewhere—"

Brokaw shook his head again.

"Been in the service ten years," he said. "I've got a mother living with my brother somewhere down in York State. I've sort of lost track of them. Haven't seen 'em in five years."

Billy was looking at him steadily. Slowly he rose to his feet, lifted his manacled hands, and turned down the light.

"Hurts my eyes," he said, and he laughed frankly as he caught the suspicious glint in Brokaw's eyes. He seated himself again, and leaned over toward the other. "I haven't talked to a white man for three months," he added, a little hesitatingly. "I've been hiding—close. I had a dog for a time, but he died, an' I didn't dare go hunting for another. I knew you fellows were pretty close after me. But I wanted to get enough fur to take me to South America. Had it all planned, an' *she* was going to join me there—with the kid. Understand? If you'd kept away another month—"

There was a husky break in his voice, and he coughed to clear it.

"You don't mind if I talk, do you—about her, an' the kid. I've got to do it, or bust, or go mad. I've got to because—today—she was twenty-four—at ten o'clock in the morning—an' it's our wedding day—"

The half gloom hid from Brokaw what was in the other's face. And then Billy laughed almost joyously. "Say, but she's been a true little pardner," he whispered proudly, as there came a lull in the storm. "She was just born for me, an' everything seemed to happen on her birthday, an' that's why I can't be downhearted even *now*. It's her birthday, you see, an' this morning, before you came, I was just that happy that I set a plate for her at the table, an' put her picture and a curl of her hair beside it—set the picture up so it was looking at me—an' we had breakfast together. Look here—"

He moved to the table, with Brokaw watching him like a cat, and brought something back with him, wrapped in a soft piece of buckskin. He unfolded the buckskin tenderly, and drew forth a long curl that rippled a dull red and gold in the lamp-glow, and then he handed a photograph to Brokaw.

"That's her!" he whispered.

Brokaw turned so that the light fell on the picture. A sweet, girlish face smiled at him from out of a wealth of flowing, disheveled curls.

"She had it taken that way just for me," explained Billy, with the enthusiasm of a boy in his voice. "She's always wore her hair in curls—an' a braid—for me, when we're home. I love it that way. Guess I may be silly, but I'll tell you why. *That* was down in York State, too. She lived in a cottage, all grown over with honeysuckle an' morning glory, with green hills and valleys all about it—and the old apple orchard just behind. That day we were in the orchard, all red an' white with bloom, and she dared me to a race. I let her beat me, and when I came up she stood under one of the trees, her cheeks like the pink blossoms, and her hair all tumbled about her like an armful of gold, shaking the loose apple blossoms down on her head. I forgot everything then, and I didn't stop until I had her in my arms, an'—an' she's been my little pardner ever since. After the baby came we moved up into Canada, where I had a good chance in a new mining town. An' then—"

A furious blast of the storm sent the overhanging spruce tops smashing against the roof of the cabin. Straight overhead the wind shrieked almost like human voices, and the one window rattled as though it were shaken by human hands. The lamp had been burning lower and lower. It began to flicker now, the quick sputter of the wick lost in the noise of the gale. Then it went out. Brokaw leaned over and opened the door of the big box-stove, and the red glow of the fire took the place of the lamplight. He leaned back and relighted his pipe, eyeing Billy. The sudden blast, the going out of the light, the opening of the stove door, had all happened in a minute, but the interval was long enough to bring a change into Billy's voice. It was cold and hard when he continued. He leaned over toward Brokaw, and the boyishness had gone from his face.

"Of course, I can't expect you to have any sympathy for this other business, Brokaw," he went on. "Sym-

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Brokaw was a cautious man, as well as a clever one, and he took no chances.

pathy isn't in your line, an' you wouldn't be the big man you are in the service if you had it. But I'd like to know what *you* would have done. We were up there six months, and we'd both grown to love the big woods, and she was growing prettier and happier every day—when Thorne, the new superintendent, came up. One day she told me that she didn't like Thorne, but I didn't pay much attention to that, and laughed at her, and said he was a good fellow. After that I could see that something was worrying her, and pretty soon I couldn't help from seeing what it was, and everything came out. It was Thorne. He was persecuting her. She hadn't told me, because she knew it would make trouble and I'd lose my job. One afternoon I came home earlier than usual, and found her crying. She put her arms round my neck, and just cried it all out, with her face snuggled in my neck, and kissin' me—"

Brokaw could see the cords in Billy's neck. His manacled hands were clenched.

"What would you have done, Brokaw?" he asked huskily. "What if *you* had a wife, an' she told you that another man had insulted her, and was forcing his attentions on her, and she asked you to give up your job and take her away? Would you have done it, Brokaw? No, you wouldn't. You'd have hunted up the man. That's what I did. He had been drinking—just enough to make him devilish, and he laughed at me—I didn't mean to strike so hard—but it happened. I killed him. I got away. She and the baby are down in the little cottage again—down in New York—an' I know she's awake this minute—our wedding day—thinking of me, an' praying for me, and counting the days between now and spring. We were going to South America then."

Brokaw rose to his feet, and put fresh wood into the stove.

"I guess it must be pretty hard," he said, straightening himself. "But the law up here doesn't take them things into account—not very much. It may let you off with manslaughter—ten or fifteen years. I hope it does. Let's turn in."

Billy stood up beside him. He went with Brokaw to a bunk built against the wall, and the sergeant drew a fine steel chain from his pocket. Billy lay down, his hands crossed over his breast, and Brokaw deftly fastened the chain about his ankles.

"And I suppose you think *this* is hard, too," he added. "But I guess you'd do it if you were me. Ten years of this sort of work learns you not to take chances. If you want anything in the night just whistle."

It had been a hard day with Brokaw, and he slept soundly. For an hour Billy lay awake, thinking of home, and listening to the wail of the storm. Then he, too, fell into sleep—a restless, uneasy slumber filled with troubled visions. For a time there had come a lull in the gale, but now it broke over the cabin with increased fury. A hand seemed slapping at the window, threatening to break it. The spruce boughs moaned and twisted overhead, and a volley of wind and snow shot suddenly down the chimney, forcing open the stove door, so that a shaft of ruddy light cut like a

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red knife through the dense gloom of the cabin. In varying ways the sounds played a part in Billy's dreams. In all those dreams, and segments of dreams, the girl—his wife—was present. Once they had gone for wild flowers and had been caught in a thunderstorm, and had run to an old and disused barn in the middle of a field for shelter. He was back in that barn again, with *her*—and he could feel her trembling against him, and was stroking her hair, as the thunder crashed over them and the lightning filled her eyes with fear. After that there came to him a vision of the early autumn nights when they had gone corn roasting, with other young people. He had always been afflicted with a slight nasal trouble, and smoke irritated him. It set him sneezing, and kept him dodging about the fire, and she had always laughed when the smoke persisted in following him about, like a young scamp of a boy bent on tormenting him. The smoke was unusually persistent tonight. He tossed in his bunk, and buried his face in the blankets that answered for a pillow. The smoke reached him even there, and he sneezed chokingly. In that instant the girl's face disappeared. He sneezed again—and awoke.

A startled gasp broke from his lips, and the handcuffs about his wrists clanked as he raised his hand to his face. In that moment his dazed senses adjusted themselves. The cabin was full of smoke. It partly blinded him, but through it he could see tongues of fire shooting toward the ceiling. He could hear the crackling of burning pitch, and he yelled wildly to Brokaw. In an instant the sergeant was on his feet. He rushed to the table, where he had placed a pail of water the evening before, and Billy heard the hissing of the water as it struck the flaming wall.

"Never mind that," he shouted. "The shack's built of pitch cedar. We've got to get out!"

Brokaw groped his way to him through the smoke and began fumbling at the chain about his ankles.

"I can't—find—the key—" he gasped chokingly. "Here—grab hold of me!"

He caught Billy under the arms and dragged him to the door. As he opened it the wind came in with a rush and behind them the whole cabin burst into a furnace of flame. Twenty yards from the cabin he dropped Billy in the snow, and ran back. In that seething room of smoke and fire was everything on which their lives depended, food, blankets, even their coats and caps and snowshoes. But he could get no farther than the door. He returned to Billy, found the key in his pocket, and freed him from the chain about his ankles. Billy stood up. As he looked at Brokaw the glass in the window broke and a sea of flame spurted through. It lighted up their faces. The sergeant's jaw was set hard. His leathery face was curiously white. He could not keep from shivering. There was a strange smile on Billy's face, and a strange look in his eyes. Neither of the two men had undressed for sleep, but their coats, and caps, and heavy mittens were in the flames.

Billy rattled his handcuffs. Brokaw looked him squarely in the eyes.

"You ought to know this country," he said. "What'll we do?"

"The nearest post is sixty miles from here," said Billy.

"I know that," replied Brokaw. "And I know that Thoreau's cabin is only twenty miles from here. There must be some trapper or Indian shack nearer than that. Is there?"

In the red glow of the fire Billy smiled. His teeth gleamed at Brokaw. It was in a lull of the wind, and he went close to Brokaw, and spoke quietly, his eyes

Above the spruce tops the sky began to clear. Day came slowly. And it was growing steadily colder.

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shining more and more with that strange light that had come into them.

"This is going to be a big sight easier than hangin' or going to jail for half my life, Brokaw—an' you don't think I'm going to be fool enough to miss the chance, do you? It ain't hard to die of cold. I've almost been there once or twice. I told you last night why I couldn't give up hope—that something good for me always came on her birthday, or near to it. An' it's come. It's forty below, an' we won't live the day out. We ain't got a mouthful of grub. We ain't got clothes enough on to keep us from freezing inside the shanty, unless we had a fire. Last night I saw you fill your match bottle and put it in your coat pocket. Why, man, *we ain't even got a match!*"

In his voice there was a thrill of triumph. Brokaw's hands were clenched, as if some one had threatened to strike him.

"You mean—" he gasped.

"Just this," interrupted Billy, and his voice was harder than Brokaw's now. "The God you used to pray to when you was a kid has given me a choice, Brokaw, an' I'm going to take it. If we stay by this fire, an' keep it up, we won't die of cold, but of starvation. We'll be dead before we get half way to Thoreau's. There's an Indian's shack that we could make, but you'll never find it—not unless you unlock these irons and give me that revolver at your belt. Then I'll take you over there as *my* prisoner. That'll give me another chance for South America—an' the kid at home."

Brokaw was buttoning the thick collar of his shirt close up about his neck. On his face, too, there came for a moment a grim and determined smile.

"Come on," he said. "We'll make Thoreau's or die!"

"Sure," said Billy, stepping quickly to his side. "I suppose I might lie down in the snow, an' refuse to budge. I'd win my game then, wouldn't I? But we'll play it—on the square. It's Thoreau's, or die. And it's up to you to find Thoreau's."

He looked back over his shoulder at the burning cabin as they entered the edge of the forest, and in the gray darkness that was preceding dawn he smiled to himself. Two miles to the south, in a thick swamp, was Indian Joe's shack. They could have made it easily. On their way to Thoreau's they would pass within a mile of it. But Brokaw would never know. And they would never reach Thoreau's. Billy knew that. He looked at the man-hunter as he broke trail ahead of him—at the pugnacious hunch of his shoulders, his long stride, the determined clench of his hands, and wondered what the soul and the heart of a man like this must be, who in such an hour would not trade life for life. For almost three-quarters of an hour Brokaw did not utter a word. The storm had broke. Above the spruce tops the sky began to clear. Day came slowly. And it was growing steadily colder. The swing of Brokaw's arms and shoulders kept the blood in them circulating, while Billy's manacled wrists held a part of his body almost rigid. He knew that his hands were already frozen. His arms were numb, and when at last Brokaw paused for a moment on the edge of a frozen stream Billy thrust out his hands, and clanked the steel rings.

"It must be getting colder," he said. "Look at that."

The cold steel had seared his wrists like hot iron, and had pulled off patches of skin and flesh. Brokaw looked, and hunched his shoulders. His lips were blue. His cheeks, ears, and nose were frostbitten. There was a curious thickness in his voice when he spoke.

Now he had come to the end of his last hunt. For one hundred and eighty-seven days he had been hunting a man.

"Thoreau lives on this creek," he said. "How much farther is it?"

"Fifteen or sixteen miles," replied Billy. You'll last just about five, Brokaw. I won't last that long unless you take these things off and give me the use of my arms."

"To knock out my brains when I ain't looking," growled Brokaw. "I guess—before long—you'll be willing to tell where the Indian's shack is."

He kicked his way through a drift of snow to the smoother surface of the stream. There was a breath of wind in their faces, and Billy bowed his head to it. In the hours of his greatest loneliness and despair Billy had kept up his fighting spirit by thinking of pleasant things, and now, as he followed in Brokaw's trail, he began to think of home. It was not hard for him to bring up visions of the girl wife who would probably never know how he had died. He forgot Brokaw. He followed in the trail mechanically, failing to notice that his captor's pace was growing steadily slower, and that his own feet were dragging more and more like leaden weights. He was back among the old hills again, and the sun was shining, and he heard laughter and song. He saw Jeanne standing at the gate in front of the little white cottage, smiling at him, and waving Baby Jeanne's tiny hand at him as he looked back over his shoulder from down the dusty road. His mind did not often travel as far as the mining camp, and he had completely forgotten it now. He no longer felt the sting and pain of the intense cold. It was Brokaw who

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O'Malley's Christmas

The Story of a Husky Roundsman Who Experienced a Surprise Encounter in His Search for a Gang of River Pirates

By Erle Hampton

Illustrated by Ralph Crawley

Christmas Eve was like any other night in the 33rd Precinct Station. The influx of unfortunates seeking protection from the cold was probably a little larger than usual and a reporter for *The Blade* was arranging for his perennial feature story of a Christmas Eve among the down-and-outers. But aside from that, things were quiet. A police-station is a paradox in this respect. Hell can be popping in the streets adjacent, but a precinct station-house will always maintain its funereal, almost sullen silence.

Big Jim O'Malley, void of coat and vest and displaying as fine a pair of shoulders as ever supported suspenders, sat silently as usual among the reserves on a bench in the lounging-room. In fact, he was more silent than usual. Jim hadn't been himself lately. The boys had noticed it and discreetly left him alone. His shoulders bent over, he puffed upon a competent pipe and stared at the oiled floor.

In the outer room Sergeant Kelly sat at his high-perched desk in low conversation with Captain Coffin who, as was his habit, came out to pass the time of the evening with his friend and sergeant.

"What's eatin' O'Malley," asked the captain, with a nod in the direction of the reserves' room. "He hasn't been normal for a couple of months."

"Darned if I know, Cap'n—but it's my guess it's the kid."

"What kid?"

"You know." Kelly stirred uneasily. He was unwilling to discuss the subject. "Little Annie—his youngster. She was killed by a truck just about this time last year. And only that afternoon Big Jim was tellin' us what a whale of a Santa Claus he was goin' to make."

"Um—tough!"

Captain Coffin walked into his private sanctum without further comment. Soon his big voice boomed from within:

"O'Malley!"

Big Jim recognized it, got up silently, and followed the direction of the voice.

"Jim," said Coffin, as the big patrolman entered, "I'm thinking you'd better go home to the missus tonight. She'll be needing you."

"Can't, Cap'n," objected Big Jim, "with that gang of gorillas breakin' into the water-front warehouses every night; you can't tell when you'll need me."

"Oh, I guess we can spare you, Jim. There's Clancy and Maas and Jones and Hufnagle and half a dozen others if anything starts. You'd better get along home."

Big Jim thought a moment and then moved toward the door.

"All right," he said. "You're very kind." And it seemed that Big Jim had difficulty speaking the words. He put on his jacket, overcoat and hat and went out silently. He wanted to say: "Merry Christmas" to the boys on the bench but he couldn't. He couldn't let them see his eyes, for they were wet.

Big Jim went out into the bleak night. A fine snow had begun to form a white blanket on the street and he pulled up his collar. He turned down Twenty-fourth street and trudged along silently. Jim lived at Thirtieth and Walnut and it was his custom, homeward bound, to turn at Walnut and go north, but something swerved him from his course. He continued down Twenty-fourth street to the waterfront and crossed the wide river-front thoroughfare to the long row of warehouses that lined the docks. Pausing a moment, he took his revolver from his hip pocket and placed it in his overcoat. Then he started slowly northward, facing the blast.

As O'Malley passed each pier he paused a moment, listened and then went on. When he reached Thirtieth street a crash as of tumbling boxes attracted his attention to the warehouse of the White Line, just beyond. Big Jim took it on the run, whipping out his pistol. Within a few feet of the warehouse he slowed down and advanced cautiously. There was no one in sight. Closer inspection showed the sliding door open about a foot.

"The dirty ———" O'Malley muttered, but it was time for action, not words. He looked around for a patrol box, then remembered there was none within two blocks. He decided he must handle the situation alone.

Advancing to the open door with a silence that was amazing for one of his bulk, he listened; but no further sound came from within. Then, revolver leveled through the opening, he snapped on his pocket flashlight and peered in. Boxes upon boxes met his gaze, but no sign of man or beast. One box had tumbled from on top of another and lay anglewise against it. O'Malley opened the door further and entered. He played his flashlight around, glanced questioningly at the open door and scratched his head.

"Ker-cho-o-o!!!"

Instinctively Big Jim's gun and flashlight were pointed in the direction of the sound and the rays revealed a grimy, dirty face beneath the overturned box.

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"Mother", said Big Jim, as he entered the warm living-room of the O'Malley domicile with his precious human bundle, "we've got company for Christmas, and her name is Annie."

"Come out of that you ———" yelled O'Malley.

"Yeth, mither," lisped a tiny voice.

O'Malley wrinkled his brow and looked on curiously as a little bundle of dirt and rags extricated itself from the cavity formed by the box.

"Cold, ain't it?" The tot—a girl—was matter of fact. It did not seem strange to her that she should be looking into the barrel of a .45 gun that was backed up by a 200-pound policeman.

"Well, I'll be damned," muttered Big Jim. "Yes, it's cold. How'd you get in here?"

"The door."

"What are you doin' here?"

"Tryin' to get warm."

"Um-m." Big Jim surveyed the tattered dress of the child, shivering before him as she tried to fasten one stocking that had fallen down. "What's your name?"

"Annie."

"Annie?" O'Malley repeated the name subconsciously and his voice indicated surprise. He was silent with his thoughts for a moment.

"Are you a policeman?" inquired the self-possessed Annie.

"Well, now, me lady—I think I am."

Annie substituted action for conversation and started for the door lickety-split. Big Jim, in spite of his bulk, was remarkably agile and had his fleet captive before she had gone six feet. He led her outside. This time his ponderous hand gripped Annie's frayed coat, preventing further rebellious outbreaks.

"Now, me young lady, where do you come from?"

"The *Mary Ann*."

Big Jim's brow wrinkled. The *Mary Ann* was the speedy craft operated by a gang of river pirates and rum-runners who had been striking consternation into the ranks of the police with their depredations along the river-front. Apparently this youngster had come ashore when the boat was warped to the dock and had

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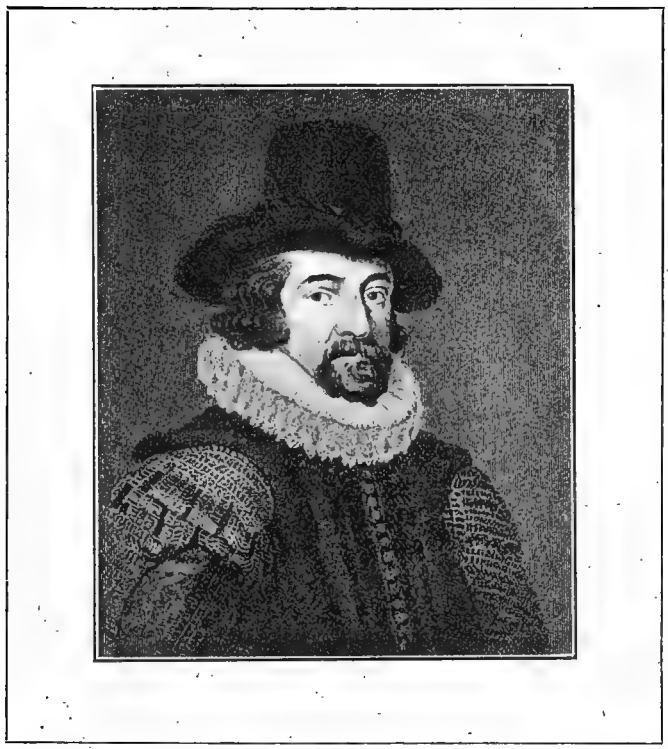
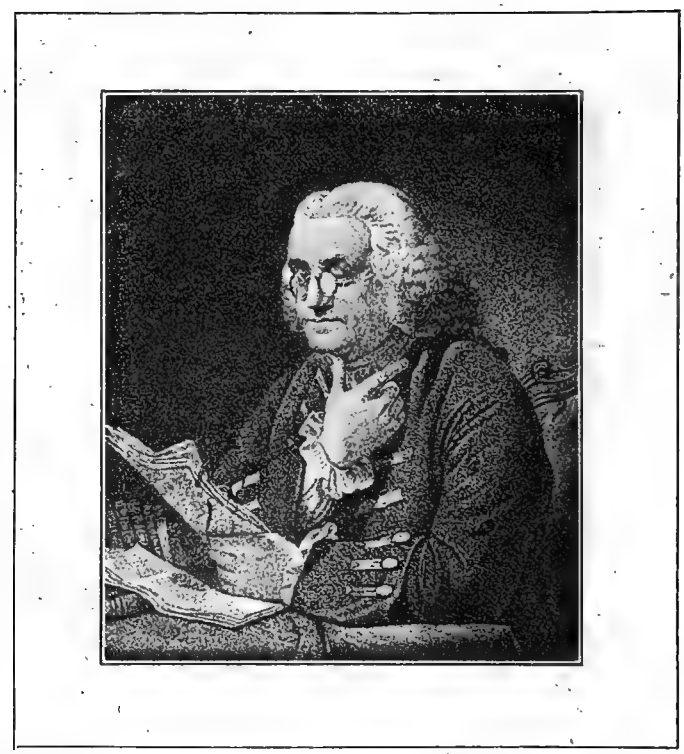


In 1621 Sir Francis Bacon was made Attorney-General of the British Government. The forces of law and order could ask for no brighter name in their pedigree than that of this famous Englishman.



The police can enter their bid for Benjamin Franklin on the grounds that in 1736, when the Philadelphia Police Department was in a terrible condition, he took hold of things and shook them down a bit.

The Policeman's Pedigree

All Professions Point With Pride to a Historical List of Great Personages and Policing is Included

By Paul W. Kearney

Illustrated with Rare Old Steelplate Portraits

IN moments of professional pride we find the physician, the artist, the philosopher, the economist, the teacher, the lawyer, the scientist—those in every profession, in fact, reflecting with satisfaction over the names and reputations linked by history to their particular calling. Sooner or later they make some casual reference to Galileo or Archimedes or Da Vinci or Mozart or Harvey or Blackstone. And with so much weight on their side of the discussion, the poor layman is overpowered.

I have seen and read of a good many arrests in my day; have been thrilled by a great many valorous captures of dangerous men and entranced by the details of not a few awe-inspiring bits of Sherlocking. But in all my time I have never heard a policeman fall back on the historical flavor or the accepted precedent of his profession. While escorting six or seven gunmen to "the wagon," nothing could be more effective than a few choice quotations from famous policemen of the past. In the midst of a healthy and smoky fracas, what could be more impressive—more conducive to respect—than some literal quotations from the opinions of great peace officers of the historic ages to beat time with the rise and fall of the locust nightstick?

The excise officer or "enforcement agent" in Scotland at one time was the famous poet "Bobbie" Burns. He knew where the illicit hootch was being made and whether it was good or bad.

It seems to me, as an ordinary observer, that the policeman has habitually overlooked this feature of his profession. Surely the jurists and lawyers put an immense amount of faith in the practice. Why not the policeman?

The reason cannot be because of a lack of material, for policing is as well supplied with pedigrees as many another field of endeavor. Right now, for instance, the New York force (as well as the departments in several other large cities) are working on more Tong difficulties. Instantly we dive into our historic archives and come out with a basketful of facts that should be of immense value to any policeman or plainclothesman inter-

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ested in the problem. And what "Cop" is not interested?

For in the State of Lu, in the year 503 B. C., a new Minister of Crime was appointed by the Chinese government. And the official was, in case you have forgotten, none other than Confucius—the greatest of all Chinese religionists and philosophers, the founder of what is probably the numerically largest faith in the world today.

The writings of Confucius are abundant with sentiments and opinions that might be pertinent to the work at hand. I have before me as I write this a little book entitled, "The Wisdom of the Chinese," and in it I find such practical quotations from the great teacher as this:

> "Men all say 'We are wise'; but when driven forward and taken in a net, a trap, or a pitfall, there is not one who knows how to find a way of escape."

There is a truth here that the most vicious hatchet-man could well ponder over en route to prison. I would suggest, however, that the gentleman in question be disarmed *before* this philosophical third degree rather than later.

Seriously, though, Confucius was the Superintendent of Police or Police Commissioner in his province for about a year or more, so the "cop" can go back at least 2400 years for his historic atmosphere.

Since then there have been many other famous names associated with policing. We all know of Saul in the Scriptures. The probability is that Saul was a cross between a cavalryman and a police officer, a sort of State Trooper as it were. According to the familiar Biblical story, he was detailed to Damascus some time around the year 37 A. D., with a posse or squad of men with orders to arrest a gang of agitators who were offending the dignity of the Roman Emperor by worshipping a new God. They were probably holding meetings without a license, obstructing traffic, or something like that. At any rate, Saul was instructed to apprehend them. And we all know that the events which transpired on the journey made Saul a Christian and led to his ultimate canonization as St. Paul.

Coming forward a few steps from the dim and distant past to the year 1621, we find that one of the most famous men of England's long history, Francis Bacon, was made Attorney-General. The forces of law and order could ask for no brighter name in their pedigree than that of the renowned Bacon.

In the same land the famous Sir Walter Scott, author of the Waverly Novels, and responsible for some of Britain's greatest literature, served for several years as Sheriff of Selkirkshire. Eventually he took another post as clerk of the Court of Special Sessions. He "made good."

And while we are in the British Isles, who do you suppose was the excise officer or "enforcement agent" in Scotland at one time? Yes, you guessed it: Robert Burns! How "Bobbie" must have enjoyed *that* job. He wasn't much of a white ribboner himself, they say. But the chances are he knew where the illicit hootch was being made—and whether it was good or bad. Possibly it was Burns who started that old sobriety test about the "moonlicht nicht!"

In our own land we have had some very prominent personages connected with police circles in years gone by. President Andrew Johnson was the son of a constable. And, like many another police officer's son, young Andy was left fatherless through a characteristic bit of valor. The elder Johnson heard a man's cry for help come from the icy waters of a canal, and in his valiant effort to rescue the drowning victim he acquired a severe attack of pneumonia in the bitter frontier Winter that speedily ended his life.

In the year 503 B. C., *a new Minister of Crime was appointed by the Chinese Government and the official was none other than Confucius, the greatest of all Chinese philosophers.*

In New York, of course, one looks back on the incumbency of Theodore Roosevelt for our historic flavor in policing. But in Philadelphia they go back much further than that, back to Colonial days when Benjamin Franklin was an early predecessor of General Butler.

The printers, to be sure, claim Franklin for their own. But they can't have all of his fame. The man who discovered electricity, invented a real stove, signed the Declaration of Independence, served as Ambassador to France and as Governor of Pennsylvania, doesn't belong exclusively to any one field. The police can enter their bid for him on the grounds that in 1736, when the Philadelphia Police Department was in a terrible condition, Benjamin Franklin took hold of things and shook them down a bit. He was, perhaps, one of our earliest "civilian commissioners," and his reputation is one for his followers to emulate.

Throughout American history the men at the head of Police Departments in our larger cities have been chosen not so much because they were efficient as detectives or policemen as that they possessed superior qualities, plus a grasp of the problems affecting the physical administration of the law. In Roosevelt's case, there was a solid background of culture.

We see, then, without much trouble, that the policeman need not be bashful in any court-room where the judge or the attorneys attempt to cover him with citations of precedent and previous opinion. The "cop" has as good a pedigree as any of them!

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A new life had opened for Miriam which contained more happiness than she had ever believed possible—until her horrible discovery.

Circumstantial Evidence

A Young Wife's Too Ready Suspicions Bring Her to the Verge of the Divorce Abyss and Then—

By Pamela Greene

Illustrated by Roscoe Reed

Miriam Vance dragged herself wearily up the four long flights that led to the shabby room, which was the only home she had known for two years—ever since her parents' death had left her, a delicate, gently-bred girl of twenty-two, upon her own resources, with no practical training of any sort and a slim bank account, which had been quickly exhausted in the big city of high prices.

It had been an unmercifully hard day at the factory. The forewoman had seemed even more exacting than usual, and the din of the machines, added to the stifling air, had proved almost too much for Miriam's worn-out body and jaded nerves.

She paused a moment on the last flight of stairs to get her breath and then, with a conscious effort, forced herself up the last few steps and into the room.

Her entrance was greeted by a glad cry from a little girl about twelve, who was seated at the window sewing in the dim light. A pair of crutches stood in the corner beside her and her face, which was upturned for Miriam's tender kiss, was one upon which the lines of suffering could already be traced.

"I have finished all the buttonholes in these shirts, Miriam, so I hope you brought home plenty more tonight. I can sew ever so much longer these days."

"Yes, Julie, here are three dozen for you to finish,

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dear" said Miriam as she laid a large bundle in her sister's lap. "You can undo them while I am getting supper." She gently stroked the soft brown hair that framed the eager little face.

"I wonder what kind of a newspaper they have wrapped the shirts in this time. Last week the paper had a story about one of the little Italian princesses that was wonderful, with lots of pictures. This one looks like nothing but advertisements", Julie observed disappointedly. "But maybe there will be some funny ones," she added hopefully.

Miriam glanced in the mirror as she laid aside her hat. It was seldom that she had time to think of her looks these days; she was generally too weary to give more than a fleeting glance in the morning, just to make sure that her hat wasn't on backward. But tonight, on some unexplained impulse, she examined herself critically in the glass. Yes! the lines were beginning to come. The face which she beheld was still winsome, in spite of the pale cheeks and the faint violet circles under the eyes, but a few more years of this exhausting life—and where was it all leading? Miriam had asked herself this question more often than usual this last month and many of the hot summer nights, as she leaned over a parapet of the East River bridge, where she had been driven, with thousands of other sweltering tenement dwellers, in search of a breath of cool air. It was only the thought of the brave little heart that would be left to struggle on without her, that kept her from ending it all by one quick leap into those calm, cool waters.

She turned dispiritedly from the mirror and began to set the table for supper.

"I thought we would just have bread and milk tonight Julie. It's so dreadfully warm to cook anything." The lightness of her purse was the true reason for the character of the meal, but she carefully hid this fact from her sister.

"Listen to this funny advertisement", exclaimed Julie. "The paper is called the Matrimonial Messenger and all of the ads. are for wives or husbands. Here is a widow fifty years old who lives in Topeka, Kansas and wants a husband to help her run a hog farm. He must be a blond and over six feet tall with farming experience. And here is a young man twenty-nine years old, in good health and with a comfortable income, who wants to meet a refined lady under thirty. This one lives right here in New York. Do read them sis, some of them are killing."

Long after Julie had gone to sleep, Miriam sat with the newspaper spread out before her and her face buried in her hands. It was nearly midnight when Julie was awakened by the scratching of her sister's pen.

"Who are you writing to?" she asked sleepily.

"It's about a new job", Miriam answered shortly, trying to hide the break in her voice.

* * *

Two months later Mrs. James Freyer placed a bowl of pink roses carefully in the middle of an attractive little table set for three. She was becomingly dressed in a dainty blue organdy, which brought out the color in her eyes that were no longer outlined by violet circles. She glanced quickly about the cozy little room to see that everything was in readiness for the evening meal and then went into the living-room where Julie was drawn up before the window in a big. padded easy-chair, which had been her favorite retreat ever since they had moved into this new home.

"Aren't we happy dear", Julie murmered contentedly, as she drew Miriam down onto the arm of her chair. "And it all seems like a dream, everything happened so quickly. I never thought I could bear to share you with anyone", she went on musingly, "but Jim is such a dear to me, too, that I just can't get a bit jealous."

"He certainly is a dear", agreed Miriam heartily. "And I am so glad you are happy kitten. I was afraid just at first—" she was interrupted by the rattle of a key in the door and jumped up with a quick smile to greet the tall, well-built young man who entered the room.

After Jim had kissed both the girls, he dropped a package in each of their laps. "Some books for you kitten and that red scarf you admired the other day in Altman's window Miriam. Now let's eat. I have to get away earlier than usual tonight."

Miriam noticed that her husband seemed nervous and longed to ask what was troubling him, but she had always found him reticent about discussing his business affairs with her. His answers to her questions were always evasive and he invariably made haste to change the subject. She only knew that whatever his work was, it kept him away generally until after midnight and she noticed that he often appeared to be under a strain, although she felt he tried to hide this from her.

"It's time I gave this apartment a thorough cleaning", Miriam announced one morning. "I want to have everything spick and span for Christmas. It's a good time to start now for Jim won't be back until Tuesday and you Julie can go around and spend the day with Fannie Becker, so I can have a clear field."

It was the first time Miriam had ever seen that little black bag in Jim's closet, but then it was hidden by an old sweater that had fallen down on top of it. The sweater should be done up in paper with moth-balls, as Jim never wore it and perhaps there was something woolen in the bag that might get moths in it. Men are so careless about leaving old woolen things around. She would just open the bag to be sure. There was nothing woolen in the bag, only a lot of queer-looking tools, such as Miriam had never seen before. Then an almost forgotten incident in her childhood flashed through her mind—a visit to a courthouse with her father—a glass case in the court-room containing a strange assortment of objects, which they had told her were part of the evidence seized in various criminal cases. Among the objects in that case had been an instrument like the one she now held. She remembered it had been one of the instruments used in a famous jewelry robbery that had filled the papers at that period of her childhood.

In this inoffensive-looking little black bag she had found the explanation for all the things about Jim's work that had puzzled her—the late hours, the nervousness, the many unexplained trips he had taken, when he could never give her any definite address to reach him.

As in a dream she recalled their first meeting, when in response to the timid letter, which she had sent in answer to his advertisement, he suggested a meeting place in Central Park, in a spot where they would be as far from the crowds as possible.

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Detectives' Luck

How "Dapper Don" Collins was "Picked Up" in Paris by Two New York Sleuths Who Weren't Looking for Him

As Told by Charles F. Kane, *Detective Sergeant*

Illustrated by FRANK CRAIG—*See frontispiece*

"ON the evening of February 14, 1924, I was sitting at dinner in the Champs Elysees restaurant, in Paris, with my partner, Detective Sergeant James F. McCoy, when in walked a man I hadn't seen for twenty years. He was immaculately dressed in evening attire, wore a trim little moustache and was accompanied by a handsomely gowned young woman.

"Turning to McCoy, I said: 'Here comes Don Collins.'

"McCoy knew the name as well as I, but he didn't know the man and, being a good detective, he didn't look in that direction, either.

"We paid our bill and waited outside for the pair to finish their dinner. When they came out we followed them in a cab. They went to the Hotel Majestic, where they were registered as William A. Hussey and wife."

A few months ago the name of Don Collins meant little or nothing to those outside the police departments of America and the capitals of Europe. But to official criminal-getters everywhere it connoted the slickest confidence man and all 'round "shake down" artist that this country had turned out in two generations.

"Dapper Don" Collins came back to America recently and is serving a prison term in the New York penitentiary on what they choose now to call Welfare Island, but what no old-time New Yorker can ever think of as anything but Blackwell's, where tower the grim, gray buildings on a long slice of land in the East River, just before it breaks into Long Island Sound.

The part played up to date in the closing scene of the drama of "Dapper Don's" career by Detective Kane is concisely stated in the following letter:

"Office of the District Attorney
of New York County.
New York, June 10, 1924.

"Hon. Richard E. Enright,
Commissioner of Police,
New York City.

"My Dear Commissioner Enright:—

"The return of Detective Sergeant Joseph Daly with Don Collins calls to my mind the splendid police work performed by Detectives James McCoy and Charles Kane, in Paris, France.

"It is to be remembered that they, while attending a line-up, recognized and identified Collins, and through their efficiency, he was apprehended, held for extradition and has been returned to America to serve his prison sentence.

"Respectfully yours,
(signed) "Joab H. Banton,
District Attorney."

It is best to know Charley Kane if you want to understand how he could have played such an important part in the capture of a criminal with the reputation and record of "Dapper Don" Collins.

Kane is a peculiarly self-effacing sort of detective. He gives one the impression of trying to get behind his natty business suit, a feat quite impossible when you

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look closely and see that the arms of his coat are a-bulge with muscles that writhe like serpents beneath.

Also, he has sharp blue eyes and a searching look, even when he is just casually listening to or chatting with you. But he studies you so swiftly that you fancy it must have been merely an interest in your personality. It is not an insolent stare, just a casual inspection, but you are convinced that he will know you if you ever meet again. It is a habit, born of necessity for knowing the people with whom he has had to deal; he has spent a lifetime in virile contact with people who would bear watching.

So, after talking with Charley Kane for a time, we asked him how he happened to know "Dapper Don" Collins when he came into that Paris café on an evening of last February.

"And you say you hadn't seen the man for twenty years?" was the way the question was asked.

"Well," replied the detective, "it might have been nineteen but I guess it was about twenty. 'Dapper Don' isn't a man who'd change much in twenty years. He's a little over forty now, I think. But he keeps himself in good shape. I'd have known him if a hundred years had elapsed. He's the kind of a fellow that makes an impression on one. He's not like the general run of 'con' artists. He looks like a gentleman, always. But he's rough when you corner him. That's the way I first met him. He was fighting a policeman."

Kane paused and smiled reminiscently. When he spoke again it was to tell of his appointment to the force in 1912. He was attached to the West Forty-seventh Street Station, New York City and was the first policeman to dare the gibes of the denizens of that neighborhood in his new regulation overcoat. It had a belt, and belts on overcoats were not exactly "what the well-dressed man of Eighth Avenue was wearing that Winter." They hooted him, but he smiled. It is a habit of Kane's to smile. He came back presently to his story of "Dapper Don."

"I drove a cab on Broadway when I was sixteen," said Kane. "That's how I came to know so many people. When I was sixteen Broadway was pretty lively. Joe Weber's music hall was the best bet in town for a good show and he had all the big stars with him, so there were plenty of lively parties after the theatre and business was good.

"I put in fifteen years with that cab on Broadway and everybody who was anybody knew me and I knew everybody who was anybody. So I always had plenty of trade. The actors, the actresses and their friends used to take me in the restaurants and fill me up. Oh, I had a good time, all right.

"I was standing with my cab at the corner of Broadway and Forty-first street one night about two o'clock and was talking with a friend of mine—a policeman. It was his beat. Suddenly, out of the side-door of the restaurant on the southeast corner came two young fellows. They were noisy, swearing and yelling, and the cop told them to cut out the hilarity. They looked like college boys, with their snappy clothes and sassy manners. One of them told the cop to go somewhere off his beat instead of which he strolled over to them. One walked away but the other swung at the policeman and landed, nearly knocking him off his pins. And then there was a real fight. Cops don't use clubs or guns unless they have to and my friend liked to fight with his fists, so he was enjoying this bout at the start. But only at the start. His young opponent was husky and the two went at it hard and fast. Suddenly the policeman went to close quarters and threw his man, himself on top. I was just an on-looker with a good place to see the fight and I knew the cop would win in the end, so I wasn't worrying. But during the close-up I saw the young fellow work his hand in his pocket and draw a big clasp-knife. He was quick with the blade and began to slash away at the cop on top of him. The latter only saved his face by throwing up his hand and taking the cut with it.

"Naturally that was my cue, so I helped the cop and brought the fight to an end. Now, just to show you that a cop can be a good fellow, this one could have preferred a charge of felonious assault against his assailant and sent him up the river for a bit. But he didn't do anything of the kind. All he did was to call it disorderly conduct and the kid got off with a light fine. That was when I got the real name of 'Dapper Don.' He was on the blotter as Robert Arthur Tourbillon. It was his first arrest in this town and he gave his right name and told them he was born in Georgia. His initials spell 'rat', so that's what the cops called him afterward, when he got to have a record and grew into the slickest, all-around confidence man this country has produced in half a century.

"The 'Rat's' record includes the names of 'Daper Don', 'Dapper Dan', Steve Daley, Arthur L. David, George P. Martin and a good many others. His games were so many it was hard to keep up with him. He was suspected of having a hand in half a dozen big jewel robberies in New York but we never got the goods on him. Then, he was suspected of shooting John Reid, over on University Heights. It was for that crime and bail jumping that he was wanted when I happened to be in Paris and identified him.

"One of 'Dapper Don's' specialties was what is known as 'shaking 'em down.' That is getting a rich man involved with a woman and then holding him up for hush money. He posed as a revenue agent, as a policeman, as anything that would suit the game he was playing at the moment.

"After that time I first encountered him on Broadway I saw him many times, especially after I was in uniform. I crossed his trail again when I was put in the detective division and became attached to various squads of the plain clothes men. 'Dapper Don' was arrested many times, for all sorts of things, and did his 'bit' frequently. He always lived in fashionable hotels or high-class boarding houses and was a real Beau Brummel in dress and manner.

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"You can tell what sort of a sport he was by the way he came back recently with Detective Joe Daly, after I had identified him in Paris. He took a suite on the ship that cost him $4,000, just to live in the style he liked. On the ship he played his part so well the passengers who knew there was a criminal aboard thought Detective Daly was the prisoner and 'Don' the detective. And he was 'some boy' with the ladies. There was the pretty divorced wife of a Chicago millionaire who said recently that she would never go back on 'Dapper' and was ready to marry him as soon as he was out of prison. She knew he had served terms in Atlanta and other prisons, and she knew he was suspected of killing Joseph B. Elwell, the noted authority on bridge whist, that 'Dapper's' name had been connected with the murder of William Desmond Taylor, the famous motion picture director, killed in California, and that he was wanted in many places for various and sundry infractions of the law. 'Dapper's' record was a matter of utter indifference to this woman.

"Don Collins never went broke. That one fact makes him different from most other crooks. He was quick with a gun, too, and had a reputation for his perfect disregard of human life if his own skin or his freedom were in jeopardy.

"Many people say that detectives snare their game through luck. Maybe there's some truth in that, but there's got to be something beside luck in criminal catching. Of course it was luck that sent McCoy and myself to Paris at a time when 'Dapper Don' happened to be there. But was it sheer luck that helped me to recognize him after twenty years?

"I can see that gay restaurant now. It might be labelled luck that led McCoy and me to go there for dinner, when there were a dozen other places just as attractive. I thought, however, there was a chance—of seeing a greater variety of high class sports at the Champs Elysees restaurant than elsewhere.

"District Attorney Banton had sent McCoy and myself over to the Continent to bring back Paul Camilleri, the sailor who had been one of the gang that pulled off the Shattuck jewel robbery in Washington Square. The man was held in prison in Marseilles for identification. He escaped but was soon caught, but not before McCoy and I had started back for New York and were on the ship. So, the only real work I did in France was to help bring 'Dapper Don' to his just reward.

"Of course we both knew that 'Don' was wanted here, for the shootings and other crimes, and naturally my companion and I spoke of him while the steamship *George Washington* was on her way over. I've always had a queer feeling when I get a 'hunch.' Highbrows call it intuition but we detectives just call it a 'hunch.' The 'hunch' I got was when I happened to say to McCoy one day aboard ship. 'Wouldn't it be funny if we happened to run into Don Collins while we're in Paris.' There wasn't any reason for saying such a thing. It just came into my mind, and I said it. Afterward I got that funny feeling about the 'hunch.'

"In the restaurant McCoy sat with his back to the entrance door and I faced it across our table. We had finished dinner and the waiter had begun to figure up the bill. They call it an 'addition' over there and it's a good word for it, but a better one would be 'multiplication.' We were about seventy-five feet back in the restaurant. I was looking toward the door when in walked a snappy man with a beautifully dressed woman. In a flash I knew the man. Without making any fuss about it, I said to McCoy, 'Here comes Don Collins.'

"McCoy didn't move. The fellow coming in was dressed faultlessly and sported a small moustache. He and the woman were escorted to a table and McCoy and I paid our 'addition' and went out. But we didn't go away. We waited for that pair to come out and when they did we took a cab and followed them to the Hotel Majestic. It was easy to find out that they were registered as 'William A. Hussey and wife.' That was the moniker 'Don' was using then, because he had a Canadian passport in that name.

"Of course we told the French police who he was and they arrested him, charging him with the possession of narcotics. The girl jumped out of the window and got away. I never heard what became of her.

"All foreign detectives when in Paris go to the Prefecture for the daily line-up. It's a part of the trade to know all the crooks. So McCoy and I went around the next morning and there was 'Don', sitting in the detectives' room, as calm as a stone statue. I walked up to him and looked him square in the face.

"'Hello, my old friend 'Don Collins,' of New York,' I said.

He gazed at me insolently.

"'I don't know you,' he said, 'and my name isn't Don Collins. I'm Mr. William A. Hussey, of Canada. These French police have made a terrible mistake. They have my passport, which proves who I am.'

"'Well', I replied, 'if you don't know us, we know you. We're New York detectives and just to show you that I know you, I'll tell you about the first time you ever were arrested. It was twenty years ago, at the corner of Broadway and Forty-first street, one morning at two o'clock. You had a fight with a policeman and cut him in the hand with a knife. You're not 'Hussey'. You're 'Don Collins,' you're the 'Rat', you're Robert Arthur Tourbillon, of Georgia, and they want you in New York for bail jumping.'

"I told the interpreter to tell the detectives to look into their records and they'd find a request from the New York police for the arrest of this man Collins and to hold him for an extradition request. In three minutes they'd found the record.

"When I cabled District Attorney Banton that I had identified Collins I got orders to return and the French police received a request to hold their prisoner for extradition. This was done and the 'Dapper Don' is now behind bars for a stretch.

"There are some funny angles to the French law of extradition. One of them is that they never turn over a prisoner under extradition request until they have him on the ship in which the foreign detectives are going home. They take the prisoner on to the ship and turn him over after he has actually left French soil.

"Another angle will be very favorable to 'Dapper Don'. This provides that we can't try or punish him for any offense other than the one for which he was extradited until he has had ample time to leave the jurisdiction of the trial court. In 'Don's' case they will have to let him get at least twenty-four hours out of American territory before they can again request his apprehension and arrest on the several other charges that are pending against him. It may help him to get away for good. He's pretty smooth."

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BOY KILLS SISTER PLAYING 'MOVIES'
Six-Year-Old Lad Uses Father's Pistol Enacting the Part of a Screen Cowboy Hero.
MOTHER FINDS VICTIM DEAD
Bullet Passes Through Head of Four-Year-Old Girl—Father Away at Work.
"Conny the Rat" Held For Shooting Boston Cops
2 BROTHERS SHOT AT TIMES SQUARE IN REALTY DEAL
Shoots Wife and Himself
KILLED AFTER RENT DISPUTE
Man Who Failed to Pay Is Shot and His Creditor Is Held.
SUSPECT'S CASE HANGS ON BULLET HOLES IN COAT
YOUTHS ARRESTED AS HOLD-UP MEN
Held on Description Given by Druggist and Robbed Woman.
Operator Escapes Knickerbocker Of One Man Dying.
BOSTON POLICEMEN SHOT
YOUTH AMBUSHED AND SHOT IN FEUD
TAILOR IS KILLED RESISTING BANDITS
Shot When He Rushes at Three Negro Hold-Up Men, Victim Dies In Hospital.
Texas Bandit Gets $35,000 In Gems From Salesman
UNIDENTIFIED MAN KILLED IN STREET
DEFENDING MOTHER, SON KILLS FATHER
Youth Shoots Down Interior Decorator in Street While Thousands Look On.
TWO GROCERIES ARE ROBBED

Here is one day's crop of pistol news. These items were clipped from two newspapers dated December 2nd. They were gathered haphazard and without any effort to make a great showing. They probably represent about a third of the pistol hold-ups and killings throughout the country on the day named.

Do You Encourage Murder?

Chemists Are Restrained from Selling a Man Poison But Everything Is Done to Urge His Purchase of Pistols

By Robert Shirley

MURDER, felonious assault with intent to kill, robbery at the point of the pistol, banditry! Those fifteen words may be found repeated in varying form and phrase in the press of any large city in the United States. In ninety percent of the reports of such crimes they were committed with a revolver or automatic pistol. In about one percent of such crimes were the victims in a position to defend themselves with any kind of a weapon.

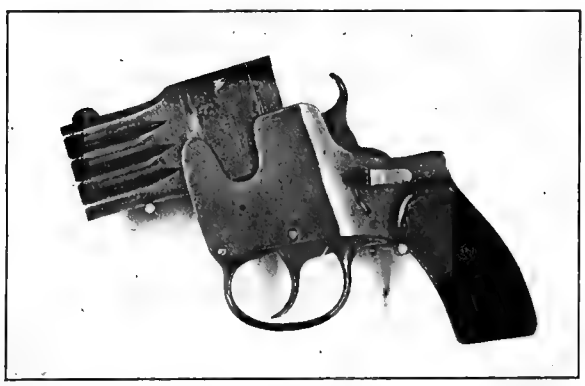
The United States is admittedly the most lawless nation on earth. Also it claims the most humane ideals. Its proud boast is that its citizens are happier, healthier and safer in their industrial pursuits than the people of any other nation. Then it proceeds to provide every requirement for quick and easy crime. The late Lord Charles Beresford once remarked on a visit to the United States that its great drawback was the entire lack of humor of its people. The clamor over that remark is still reverberating. The famous British seaman supplemented it by a further conviction that we were the most wasteful people in all the world. That caused less clamor but more tolerant smiles of derision. But one solemn-minded young man attached to the daily press of New York was dissatisfied with the public protests. He asked why. And he pressed the Englishman for a reply.

"You won't let your chemists sell a man poison, but you do everything to encourage him to buy firearms," answered the great admiral. "You protest that your police must be lax because they don't prevent crime, and then you tie leaden weights about their necks by filling your magazines with offers of revolvers." He paused gravely. "Furthermore, a nation that finds it necessary to be present when its boots are being polished is inefficient."

To date there has never been a satisfactory refutation of Lord Charles' charges, made though they were in the spirit of friendly raillery. The greatest arms manufacturies are to be found in the United States. Three great makers of revolvers and automatic pistols vie with each other in their efforts to sell the populace these arms. They print their advertisements in the leading magazines and newspapers as a general rule. One of these advertisements reads:

"An———revolver. Always a sensible gift for home protection."

How sensible? In the month during which this advertisement appeared over seven hundred homicides were reported in the United States. It is not possible to state how many hold-ups, banditries, shootings which failed to result in death, and suicides occurred. Any student of



This and the three other pistols shown on the next page were taken from various thugs and are part of the collection at Police Headquarters, New York City. The above is a repeating derringer fitted with four superimposed barrels.

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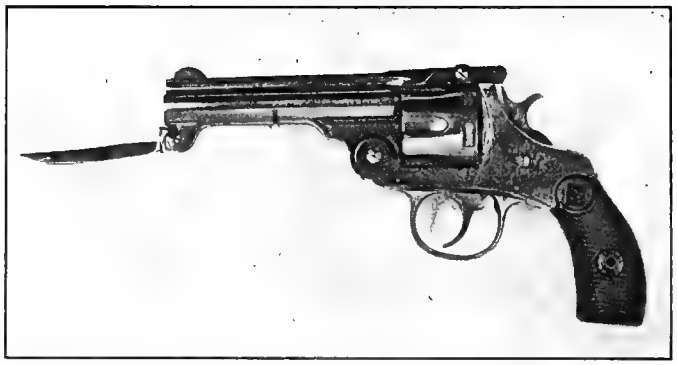
statistics in the daily press can make a reasonably good estimate. The point is that in almost every instance the evil work was done with a pistol of one type or another.



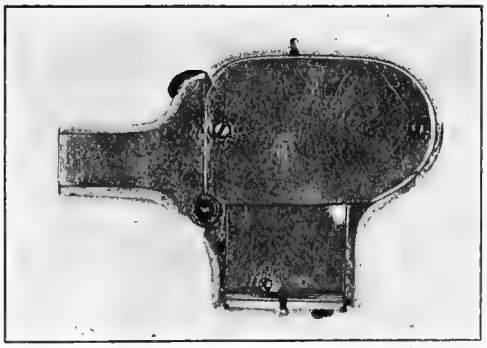
A heavy revolver of foreign manufacture fitted with a murderous bayonet attachment. It was taken from a Franco-American criminal.

Another arms-maker proclaims in his paid announcements: "Night prowlers infest our streets. Yet your family may sleep in peaceful security when a———Revolver or Automatic Pistol is on guard."

More than one hundred and ten accidental shootings in homes occurred in six weeks in the United States. These "accidents" did not occur with the family shears or the cellar axe, but with a small firearm left conveniently in drawer or cupboard. Just how many murders with the "peaceful" family pistol occur in the year is unknown to this writer.

"Hands up! Get one of these little beauties right now and protect yourself against hold-ups, thugs, rowdies, etc," says another appeal. The unfortunate part of these things is that advertising is read also by the gentry mentioned in the advertisement; the hold-up, the thug, the rowdie, etc.

"Upholder of law—bulwark against inroads of forces that destroy * * * No other arm can so well protect your home and property as a —— Revolver. See your dealer and have him explain all of the———safety features." Then follows the offer of a catalogue.



This is a dainty automatic man-killer. It is flat and can be carried in the pocket without bulging.

"Ask your hardware or sporting goods dealer to show you the full ——— line. None finer made nor more reasonably priced." And that's a fact about the price. Anyone with a few dollars can buy a pistol and go out upon the highway with five or six potential deaths in his pocket. There are no formalities in most states, and only "*but*" formalities in a few others. If ever there was a land where homicide was invited it is the United States. Observe the window of the next pawnshop you pass. Anywhere from five to a dozen "guns" hang in the window, and the price ranges from three or four dollars upward.

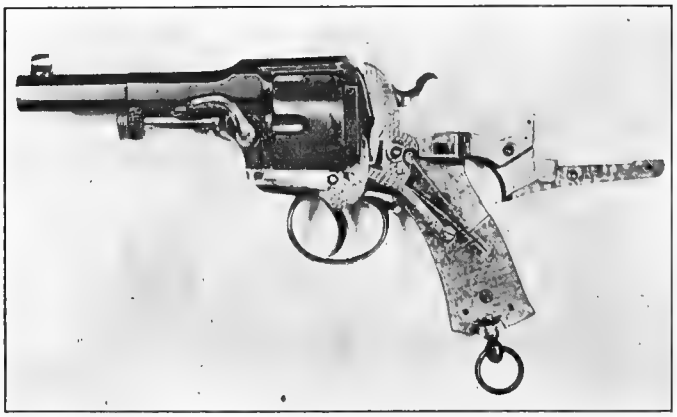
The old-time gang fights in New York have largely disappeared. In Chicago, St. Louis and New Orleans they can be observed by proxy in the daily news not too infrequently. Three policemen were shot to death in New York within a few weeks. They were not stabbed, strangled or bludgeoned, but shot, and the job in each case was not done by rifle or shot gun, but with small arms—the revolver or automatic pistol. Look in the windows of any sporting goods shop you pass in any town or city. Observe the hardware shops in the smaller towns. A nice assortment of death-dealing small arms is offered. Enter and find out how many difficulties surround the purchase of a revolver.

The Sullivan law was passed in New York State some years ago. Much has been said for it and as much against it. The objective was to suppress the "pistol toter." It was a prohibitory law, but the law made no provision for suppressing the small-arms traffic at its source or curbing distribution. Dealers still offer the weapons for sale and the magazines welcomes the announcements of the manufacturers of small-arms to their pages without let or hindrance from the law. The Volstead act is none too popular, but it cannot be said of the framers thereof that they overlook the obvious. Advertisement or announcement was rigidly forbidden. Distribution was prohibited, and possession was announced as *prima facie* evidence of a doubtful character.

There is no record at hand of how many pistols or revolvers are sold in the United States in a single year, but the arms-makers seem to have little difficulty in paying a satisfactory stock dividend, so it may be presumed they are finding a ready market. But one is permitted to wonder why.

The Constitution of the United States insists that "the right of the citizens to bear arms shall not be abridged." Every single possessor of a pistol regards that, it is to be presumed, as his warrant. An effort to curtail the sale or possession of firearms is at once classed as a blow at "personal liberty." Save the mark!

Lord Charles Beresford's trade was killing, and if history is to be respected he was a good and efficient assassin. But he did it with large weapons—of ten or twelve inch calibre—and he was known to have little respect for the small-arm. Anyway his nation paid him for the job as another did George Dewey. Surely we must lack humor when we write large on our statute books the Mosaic injunction, "Thou shalt not kill," and then gravely incorporate companies to



A heavy calibre revolver with the grip removed to show the simple mechanism. The record of this "gat" in the hands of a gangster is six deaths.

(*Continued on page* 52)

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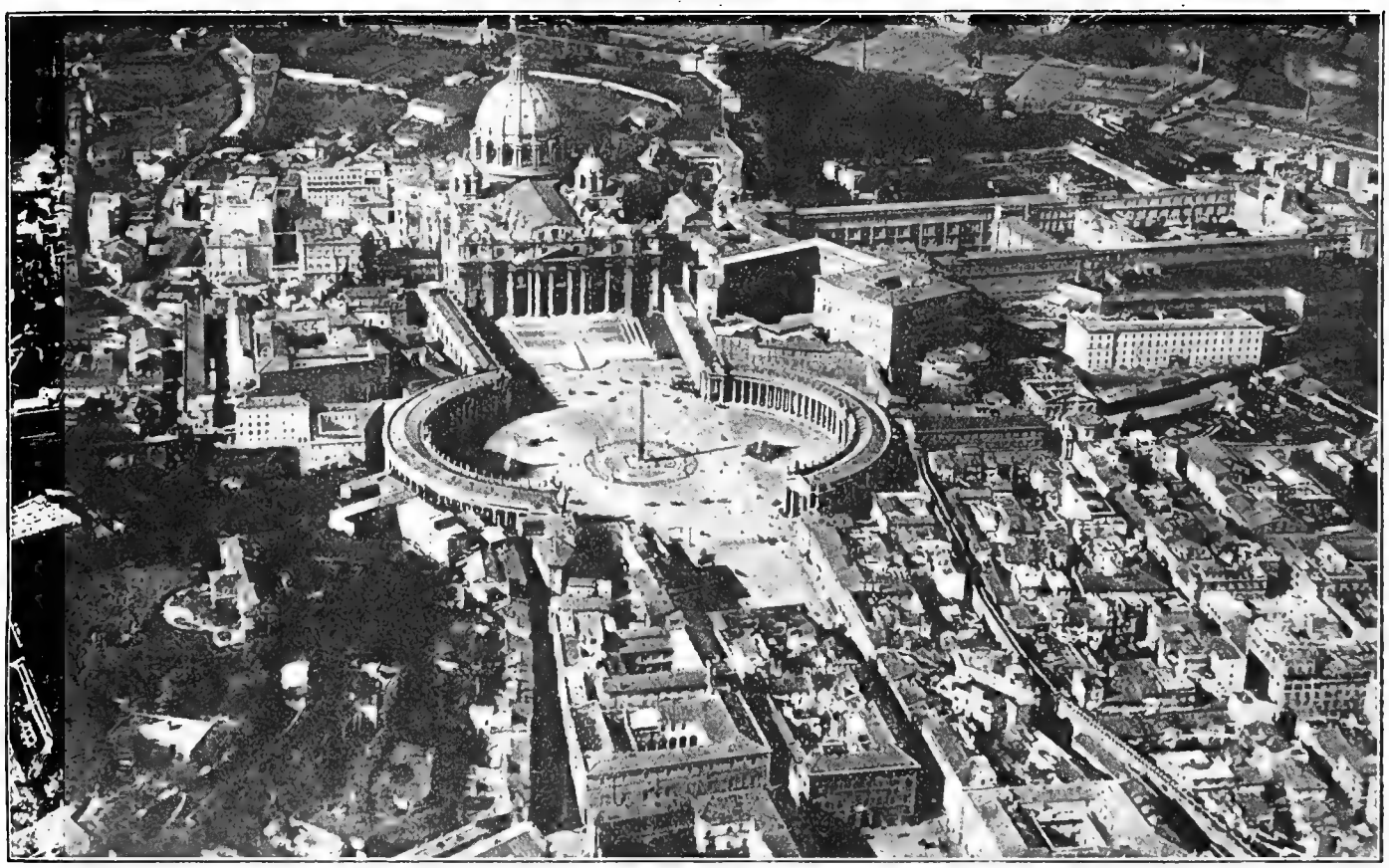

Rome is not so very large a place—only a little more than half the size of Buenos Ayres, South America, but it is the heart of Italy, as Paris is the heart of France.

The Uniformed Police of Rome

Administration of the Law and Order Organization of the Eternal City Still Shows the Influence of the Mighty Caesars

By Deputy Chief Inspector Samuel G. Belton *in collaboration with Acting-Captain* John A. Golden, *Lieutenant* F. C. Kruse *and Former Inspector* William T. Davis *of the Foreign Police Commission, New York*

WORN and battered by thousands of passing years, yet perennially young and always beautiful, Rome is the heart of a new civilization to-day. Because in its youth it had no rivals, it was a center of importance long before our Nordic ancestors emerged from their state of tattooed, skin-clad savagery.

Such a center without adequate means for the protection of life and property is, of course, unthinkable. As a matter of fact, the police force of ancient Rome was usually both able and efficient, in many respects corresponding quite closely with those of our own southern cities before the Civil War. But many radical changes took place in the Eternal City during the centuries that followed its days of greatest glory, and for better or worse, as the case happened to be, the nature of its police force varied in accordance with the other changes. Yet, as the essence of its ancient laws has leavened the codes of eastern Europe, just so a faint influence of police administration as it was under the Cæsars has persisted through the ages.

For a time this ancient survival was a source of considerable perplexity to us, of the New York Police Department. Our professional points of view naturally were adjusted to the meridian of a civilization that dates, by comparison, from yesterday. This perplexity was, moreover, strengthened by the fact that the Roman police force is, in the main, an exceedingly modern one, as efficient and as well-adapted for its local needs as any in the world.

Our delegation was greeted, upon its arrival in Rome, by Signor Ricardo Zocolletti, Prefect of Police having charge of the metropolitan district. We had been placed in his care by General duBuono, who at that

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time was chief of Italian police wherever stationed, and whose official title is "Director General of Public Safety."

It was Mr. Zocolletti, therefore, aided by his direct subordinate, Mr. Bertini, Quæstor of Rome, who acted as our mentor and host, official and social. It was he who entertained us at luncheon and dinner, and he who imparted, directly after our arrival, certain fundamental facts among the many that we had come in order to learn.

Until recently the cities of Italy were policed by a system which, in theory at least, closely resembled that of the United States. Each city, that is to say, maintained a force of its own which had no direct connection with any other. Then the Fascisti donned their black shirts and got busy.

By liberal, impartial and effective use of their two chosen instruments of practical reform, automatic pistols and pint bottles of caster oil, they boosted Mussolini, their leader, into the Premier's office and since have maintained him there, as all the world knows. A fact not so generally known is that one of the new premier's first official acts was to change the entire city police system. With a scratch of his ready pen he abolished 65,000 municipal cops and replaced them with men whom he knew he could trust. He knew them because the nation had trusted them and their predecessors for about four hundred years, and never once has that trust been betrayed. Consequently the essence of the police throughout the length and breadth of Italy and her colonies can be expressed in a single word; the Carabinieri.

Carbineers, we would call them. When this name was given them, the weapon from which it is taken was rather more of a novelty than an airplane is now. They were established early in the Sixteenth Century by the King of Piedmont as a specialized corps of his army; and a specialized military corps they remain to this day.

It was Cavour who first recognized the greater possibilities of this time-proven organization; and like the great statesman that he was, he adapted it to the needs of a then newly-united Italy by utilizing it as a sort of national rural police force. As already stated, it remained for Mussolini, who is probably quite as great a man, still further to extend its power and its usefulness.

It is fair to say that the Carabinieri are in a class by themselves. The Gendarmerie of France resemble them more closely than does any other organization. In their mediæval origin, their unswerving loyalty and the consequent trust that is reposed in them, the two are much alike. They both are military in their nature. Their functions also are somewhat similar, but there is a difference in this respect, and in most others the differences are greater still.

Both are soldiers detailed to act as policemen. With the gendarme, however, he slightly accents the policeman, and in time of war his normal duty is akin to that of our own doughboys when temporarily assigned to "M.P." duty. The Carabiniero, on the other hand, lays most emphatic stress upon the soldier. If there is a war, he is among the very first to go to that war. He goes, moreover, in order to fight, and for no other purpose; a fact which he never for an instant allows himself to forget. His almost fanatical *esprit de corps* is carefully fostered by his superiors—as well it may be.

Rome is not so very large a place; only a little more than half the size of Buenos Ayres, South America, for example. It contains only three-fourths the number of Italians in New York. But it is the heart of Italy, as Paris is the heart of France. Within its borders are the residences of both King and Pope. It is the seat of the national government. For these reasons, among others, it deservedly ranks high among the world's important cities; and certainly no city in the world is more carefully and efficiently policed.

To protect the city and its 750,000 inhabitants there are 5,000 of the Carabinieri alone. The Carabinieri, however, not only regard themselves but are officially recognized as a sort of *corps d'elie*, too valuable to be wasted in mere routine drudgery.

To regulate vehicular traffic, enforce minor ordinances and attend to such like chores, a body of 900 Municipal Guards was created, to be controlled directly by the Mayor of Rome. These men work between 8 A. M. and 11 P. M. only, their daily tour of duty being divided into four hours of patrol, three of relief followed by four more of patrol; and there is a small reserve in each patrol section. Unmarried men may, if they choose, live in the station-houses, many of which are former monasteries. They must, however, maintain their own messes, and are expected to pay for their lodging by answering emergency calls even when off duty. Their appearance, in blue uniforms usually unpressed and often shabby, reminded us somewhat of our own street-car motormen and conductors.

For nocturnal drudgery an organization has been evolved which, so far as our experiences go, is unique; the watchmen. They were formerly private watchmen, employed by individual citizens for the protection of private property. In a measure they are so still, for the property-owner is assessed in order to have the benefit of their services. These assessments, however, are handled by the city, to the great advantage of all concerned.

There were only 400 of these watchmen when we were in Rome, but there is eventually to be one thousand of them. They have been taken over by the city. A commander was appointed, they were drilled, properly armed and uniformed and insured against disablement in line of duty. A pension fund was also established. A crooked watchman consequently is now as rare as he formerly was common; they won't take the chance of losing their jobs.

Above and apart from these functionaries are the Carabinieri. Above the Carabinieri, and apart from those of their number who work in uniform, are the high officials who control their destinies and indicate the work they are to do, but who yet have not the right to halt a squad or inspect a rifle.

Chief among these is, of course, Mussolini himself, with the Minister of the Interior directly below him. It is the latter official who appoints the Director of Public Safety as his direct representative in police matters. In theory reporting to the Minister of the Interior, but actually reporting, as a rule, to the Director of Public Safety, are the Prefects.

The Prefects, seventy-two in number, are each in supreme command of a province. They are assisted by a quæstor (hasn't that name a flavor of old Rome?) and in some cases by a vice-quæstor. In all provinces there is a Chief of Cabinet, a Director of Police, a Chief of Judiciary (detective service) and one of

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Administrative Police, from two to fifteen Commissioners beside various clerks, secretaries and other minor functionaries. Any of these may aspire to the highest of the civil offices, of which there are many. But the uniformed Carabinieri obey orders that are given by their own uniformed officers and no others.

Not all the Carabinieri work in uniform. About fifteen percent are detailed, after an extra month of training, to the Judiciary Police—the detective force—and as such are under command of the quæstor, as are all other "specialists," as they are called; that is, men detailed as telegraphers, clerks and the like. In Rome, aside from these specialists, there are about three hundred uniformed Carabinieri assigned as guards for the Quirinal, Vatican and important public buildings.

This leaves about 2,100 men to perform the duty for which, in times of peace, the uniformed Carabinieri are intended; namely, that of the criminal police. As such, their Napoleonic cocked hats and immaculate uniforms can be seen, always in pairs, on almost any street and at any time. Very particular are they as to their conduct and appearance. Their officers, making rounds of inspection, are likely to appear at any moment. Those officers are strict, for their superior, at irregular intervals, issues forth from headquarters and makes the grand rounds.

In short, they are simply soldiers on guard duty. They live in barracks scattered through the city, for there are no station-houses as we in the United States understand that term. In Rome there are thirty-six commissariati, or precincts, and in each precinct there is an executive office. That, with the Roman police system, is all that is needed.

Mere street patrolling is, however, a small and relatively unimportant part of a Carabiniero's work. He is supposed to be always on duty, if an occasion requires it, whether under direct orders of a superior or not. So he is; an emergency never seems to find him at a loss. Neither has he ever been known to shirk a duty to which he has been ordered, but nevertheless it must be owned that he approaches such a duty from an angle which, though perfectly logical, at first seemed rather strange to us Americans.

Suppose, for example, there is an unlawful street assemblage, anarchists or the like, and the Carabinieri are present in considerable force. Are they troubling their minds as to what the meeting is about, or to what it is likely to lead? Not they! That isn't what they're paid for; it's a job for their fat and fussy civilian superior, probably a Quæstor. He is supposed to drape a tri-colored scarf over his portly form and command the assemblage to disperse. If, after repeated commands and entreaties it *won't* disperse, he may call upon the officer of Carabinieri for aid.

Then it is another matter. Either the members of this assemblage start at once to go away from that place, or else they remain until they are carried away in ambulances and extemporized hearses, just as they choose. And that is *that*.

Still, in the very nature of things, such an occasion can come only once in a while, as a sort of special treat, and cannot usually be relied upon to occur with any regularity. The uniformed Italian soldier-cop is spared a certain amount of drudgery, it is true, but most of his work, nevertheless, is drably monotonous, as the work of any other uniformed cop, or of any soldier either, for that matter, always must be.

The essence of the police throughout the length and breadth of Italy and her colonies can be expressed in a single word—the Carabinieri.

Rome is an orderly city, and the uniformed Carabinieri do their full share toward keeping it so. Houses of prostitution are legally recognized, are registered and are forced to comply with rigid rules of inspection and conduct, but little of this work falls upon the uniformed man. He will prevent the inmates of these houses from standing at doors or windows in order to attract attention, or from soliciting on the streets. But care is usually taken that he shall not see any

(*Continued on page* 59)

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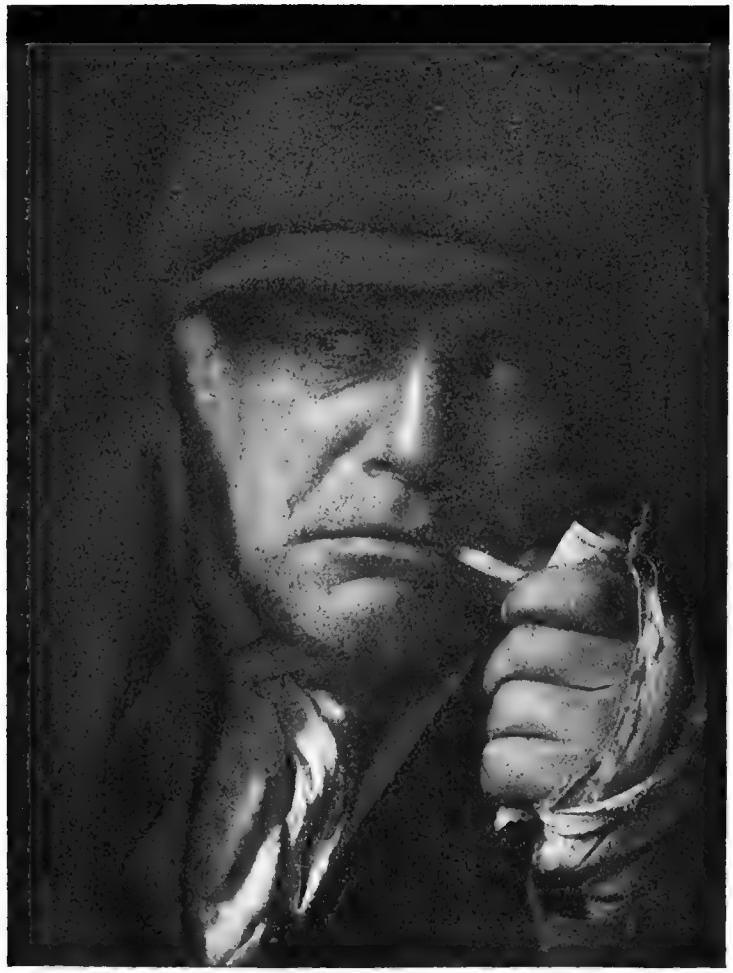

Lanagan's genesis was that of a gang leader in the toughest ward of the city.

A fetch-and-carry assistant to the district boss he was later master in his own bailiwick.

Mart Hogan's Hunch

Here is a True Tale with all the Elements of a Melodrama Interwoven with the Thrilling Facts

By Guy Fowler

TIMOTHY LANAGAN never ran for public office. The offices, in a manner of speaking, came to him and ate out of his hand. He created them and named the men who might occupy them. In a word, Lanagan was the political Cæsar of Bigtown and he found new worlds to conquer without bothering to go beyond the city limits. Lanagan's genesis was that of a gang leader in the toughest ward of the city, then a fetch-and-carry assistant to the district boss and later master of all he surveyed in his own bailiwick.

By way of contrast there was Mart Hogan, a rookie patrolman from the old Second Ward, who but recently had cast his first ballot. Hogan carried his entire influence in two muscular arms and in a holster over his right hip. There was something compelling in the blue glint in his eyes, but the stevedores and truck drivers of the Second Ward could not be hypnotized by anything softer than a good size club of hickory.

It was in the days before civil service became a generally accepted system, before police and fire departments were governed by the rule of efficiency, when politicians held the balance of power openly and boasted about it. Hogan had come into the Police Department by the usual method—a reference from Lanagan's leader in the Second Ward, who was a paving contractor; a body that was built for the discomfort of physical antagonists and a brain more than amply alert to pass the examination. Lanagan looked at the recommendation, skimmed the examining board's report and approved the appointment before it went to the Mayor for official public endorsement.

Young Mart attended the police school for thirty days and came out for duty one night, trim and confident in a new blue uniform. Before dawn he dispersed a street corner gang, broke up a poolroom brawl

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and made not a single arrest. Nor was there a mark on him when he reported in the morning for relief.

All of which, though, by way of introduction, requires some explanation. In the first place, the most valuable police officer is the one who maintains order on his beat and makes as few arrests as possible. Numerous arrests clutter up the courts, fill the jails and add to the public expense. Secondly, in those days, political leaders were chary as to who might be arrested. A man serving a sentence simply cannot vote. Neither are the prisoner's friends liable to support a leader who would permit him to be arrested and convicted. They might forgive the first, but never the latter.

But Mart Hogan did not consider it from that angle. He knew many of the characters on his beat. He feared none of them. Neither did he entertain any desire to arrest them for anything less than a crime. But Mart had at least two enormous faults. They hung at the ends of his arms, and when he used them in the course of his duty somebody went down. These two giant fists got Mart into his first difficulty.

The brawny skipper of a whaleback grain boat had convinced a man of little more than half his size that he could whip him. The brawl occurred in Steve Gallagher's saloon in Front Street. In those days there were such institutions at nearly every corner. Mart Hogan happened in as the smaller man reeled back over a table. The skipper, a man who brought in a floating vote at every election, should, perhaps, have been arrested. Instead, he was trounced.

So, in his indirect, but none the less effective manner, Lanagan summoned Mart to meet him in Gallagher's back room.

"You're too damned handy with your dukes," the boss greeted him.

"Sure, an' I'm sorry, Misther Lanagan. But the big fellow hit this little one an awful wallop, sir, an'——"

"Well," Lanagan cut in gruffly, "you catch a few bank robbers and lay off the rough stuff around here. You've done it before. Next time you lose your shield."

In that instant Lanagan flaunted a scarlet banner before the mad bull of fate. He lost the loyalty and earned the disrespect of Patrolman Martin Hogan.

But Mart observed instructions. He considered Mother Hogan, trimming her rose bushes in front of the immaculate white cottage in Chestnut Street. Which reminded him, of course, that she could not exist so well on the pension which came to her as the widow of Michael Hogan, as good a detective as ever died facing a bandit.

Mart observed instructions accordingly and he became a detective.

* * * *

The years that intervened did not do so well for Lanagan. Gang rule was going out of fashion. Reform was coming into vogue. There were indictments pending in puzzled courts and unusual agitation in the offices of attorneys. In a word, Lanagan found himself needing a hundred thousand dollars in cash to cover up certain shortages in municipal accounts.

The blow fell on the morning that the Merchants' Bank discovered it was wrecked beyond salvage. Lanagan was vice-president and principal stockholder. The bank examiners locked the doors and went to work. Lanagan, keeping close at home, was unofficially under surveillance every moment.

It was then that Lanagan became ill. The blinds of his house were drawn. Only his personal physician and close relatives were permitted to enter. Somewhere, in sight of the house, every hour of the twenty-four, a man stood idly and watched. Sometimes it was Detective Hogan.

On the morning of the third day a red quarantine sign was posted on the Lanagan door. Smallpox! To the newspaper men daily bulletins were issued regarding the condition of the stricken politician. In the meanwhile the grand jury returned an indictment charging Lanagan definitely with embezzlement of city funds. The bank examiners brought in a report to the effect that Lanagan had removed cash and securities sufficient to wreck the Merchants' Bank.

Then Lanagan died!

Mart Hogan had been on day duty all month. One night a week he attended the Knights of Columbus meeting and returned home unfailingly by 11 o'clock. On this night Mother Hogan fidgeted over the big wool socks she was darning and glanced nervously at the clock. Midnight came and the first hour of morning. She set a bowl of milk and a dish of crackers on the dining-room table and went to bed.

"Martin!" At the breakfast table she cocked her head on one side and her frosty blue eyes twinkled. "Now tell your mother where ye went last night. 'Twas the first time I ever knew ye to stay so late."

"Will ye be after spankin' me, ol' darlin'?" He laughed and added: "Maybe it's a lady I'll be after callin' on."

"Well, all I've got to say is that no lady would be lettin' ye stay so late."

Mart laughed and patted her hand. But again that night he went out and remained late.

On the following morning the body of Timothy Lanagan was to be buried. Owing to the nature of the fatal malady, a private quarantine funeral was required by law. But great banks of flowers were carried to the house in tribute to the departed chieftain.

Quite early, before members of the household were prepared for the service, a young man reported from the establishment of the undertaking firm in charge of the burial. He explained to the servants that he had come to make a final examination of the sealed casket.

In the drawing-room, breathing the heavy atmosphere of the flowers, the man drew from his pocket a large wrench. Before the horror-stricken servant could protest he brought his powerful hands into action and wrenched the massive casket-cover free.

The copper lock groaned and the sound was uncanny. With none of the awe which customarily marks the attitude of youth for the dead, he raised the cover and peered into the casket.

"Humph! That was my hunch!" he growled.

He was gazing down upon a layer of smooth stones such as are used to build an ordinary wall . . . the same ex-

(*Continued on page 77*)

Before the horror-stricken servant could protest, Hogan wrenched the massive casket-cover free.

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Professional Pride

Tippy McGee, Burglar, Exhibits His Skill at Housebreaking for the Further Education of an Author

By Osborn Fort Hevener

Illustrated by Joseph St. Amand

If you should ask Tippy McGee why he ever broke into the burglar business he'd tell you that breaking into things came easy to him. His youngster days on the East side, his own ideas on police timidity, detective stupidity and the like didn't help him to break away from the easy-entering game either. Why shouldn't a fellow with a clear head and thick muscles decide to combine brains with brawn? The brain part concerned the selection of the mansion to be "broken"—generally the home of a rated millionaire, for Tippy knew the Bradstreet rating system well, and the muscle part helped a bit when it came to lifting those heavy windows that stuck.

Of course, Tippy wasn't particularly set upon any certain method of breaking into a place when it was his duty to enter a home other than by the means employed by the master of the house. Sometimes he manipulated with that glass-cutting device which "Hug" Hogan, his tutor, had presented to him after his first big break. Other times he was indiscreet enough to use a well-directed brick—always making sure first that he could beat the watchful dogs to a hiding place, where he would rest until the inevitable investigation had quieted down. In such cases, Tippy would slide the window catch, and the success of his job thereafter was largely a test of how much his hands could grasp within the ensuing five minutes. There were other methods, too, of worming one's way into a sleeping house that Tippy knew of; in fact, not one had ever failed to bring its results.

Results! That was what Tippy McGee was repeating to himself as he shambled along West Street. He was, after all, not so well off. Dollars in plunder soon found their ways into pals' pockets, and Tippy eternally found himself planning a new job—by dint of which he would swear each time to himself he would lay enough aside to marry Ethel Darby! Darlin' Ethel, daughter of his father's boss, Bill Darby, who ran the soap plant on First Avenue. The latter was near his home and Ethel's—for Tippy and Ethel lived within a block of each other. In fact it had always been "just over the fence" for these two, and Tippy, of course, was adept at that sort of thing. The dexterous way he jumped fences when he was a lad of five—seventeen years ago—the simplicity with which he swiped apples from old Apple Mary when she wasn't looking, his simian-like way of climbing to the roof of his four-story tenement birthplace on Twenty-third Street when he was after the ball—all these things would have meant but one thing to the oracular person given to predictions of what a boy would turn out to be, and surely Tippy, in these past seventeen years, hadn't lost any of the best attributes of proficient burglary.

A little coaxing by the older corner gang, a little concentrated tutoring under Hug Hogan and Mike the Hook had been Tippy's finishing school. His burglar's college training had helped, about that there was no doubt. And he had displayed his fleetness of foot on more than one occasion, to the tune of a record that showed, thus far, no dashing cop had laid his hands on Tippy's coat-tails, with detention in his eye. One thing Tippy did hate was that dirty, small scar on his left cheek. This was the gift of the People of New York as represented by Gus Walters, the roundsman who had the nearest beat to a certain "break" which Tippy had made a year ago. He swore against the Finest who patrolled the neighborhood of First Avenue and Twenty-third Street.

Tippy eyed a scrawny cat, which had crossed his path. He felt almost as miserable as that hungry feline looked. A nice game for a fellow who had education enough to know better—or was it too much education under the rough tutelege of Hug Hogan?

Tippy will always remember that black eye of Luke McGovern's, which came as a pugilistic present from Hug. Hug was Tippy's boss—and he insisted Tippy was his best scholar; was, in fact, to be the Duke of the gang some day.

Tippy's last job had been unproductive. There had been no slip, the break had been easy, the loot had been right in front of his eyes, but a mistake had been made by Bradstreets. The house was on Sixty-third Street, just off Fifth Avenue, but the safe deposit campaign of the big banks had been too damn successful. And what the master of the house, Hiram Montefeller had left behind wouldn't have been fit to present as a wake gift to Ethel's mother.

Now, Tippy wasn't a big, tough-looking individual; maybe that was what helped him. He would look a lot like your nice appearing school boy if you had him walking out of a scholastic emporium at 3:20 P. M. with a sack of books over his shoulder. However, Tippy had long ago chucked the books, and abandoned the book-container for a more intrinsically valuable sack. He had reverence only for the book of Cute Henry's which Hug Hogan had constantly referred to when Tippy was undergoing his burglar's education. And Hug was going to write a book some day, Hug had told Tippy, a book that would have a circulation of as many souls as there were in the delightful world of skillful breaking and entering. Any publisher would gladly take it up, Hug insisted, for it would mean such

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"My good fellow," began the sport, "I know you'll think I'm funny, but can you tell me where I can meet a burglar?"

a relief to the poor struggling hordes of white collars who scribbled all day for $3.50 per.

So, as was said before about Tippy, you wouldn't have imagined as he walked along West Street with cap pulled down almost level with his eyes, the collar of his short overcoat near his ears, long narrow feet that were slightly inclined toward one another, that he wasn't just an ordinary citizen. He did, after all, get a thrill out of his occupation. It lacked the flatness of that job of bookkeeping which Ethel's father had offered him, and he preferred the feel of a blue-steeled "borer" to the uneasy touch of a ledger-man's pen.

Tippy's watch—the one he had swiped up at Saranac during the successful Miller haul last Spring—told him it was after five o'clock. Crowds of ordinary people were passing him now. Their quitting time was Tippy's signal that the decks were clearing, for darkness is needed by the best of old-fashioned burglars. Tippy, it must be understood, was by no means one of those daylight mail-wagon plunderers. That was just grandstand play and set a bad example, so Tippy said, to the young office-boys and messengers who watched the hold-ups. His play consisted of quick action after soft foot-work and careful window-lifting had paved the way. Oh, the joy of a quickly-beating heart in Tippy's chest as the wind would play with the portieres in Mr. Montyfeller's drawing-room! The thrill of a creaking floor or the sound of the roundsman's whistle!

That was what McGee was thinking about when he stood imbibing an orange drink at the corner of Franklin and Greenwich Streets. He was all out of pink shirts and blue soft collars, and his newest one-button, slash-pocket coat was becoming frayed. It was time to plan that next job; his jimmy was getting rusty and his soft shoes were beginning to squeak. Here was Tippy's chosen spot to do his planning—in the West Street section, where no one ever noticed you. So what was next, he bethought himself? Then he paged Bradstreet and Dun's as a sporty, foppish looking sort of chap ordered his orange juice beside him.

Now, Tippy McGee took no more than an ordinary burglar's interest in strangers and this guy sipping an orange drink alongside of him wasn't any exception, would have been passed up entirely by Tippy; but this rakishly attired, society type of gink, wearing a well-manicured moustache and flaunting a malacca walking stick actually accosted him.

"Say, my good fellow," he began as an opener and in a manner that caused Tippy to fear he was going to ask the origin of the diamond sparkler on his necktie—the "rock" he had sustained at the successful Miller haul—"I've got a most peculiar thing on my mind. Let me pay for your drink and walk a block with you."

"Gosh!" Tippy's insides said to himself, "he wants to pay for my drink! What's next?"

"Shoot," emanated from Tippy.

The two walked together.

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"Good!" said Lakestream over his glass of liquid that tested well over 2.75. "Then my proposition will sound O. K. to you because I don't expect there will be any gun-play."

"My good fellow," began the sport again, "'I know you'll think I'm funny when I tell you what I'm after, but can you tell me where I could meet a burglar?"

Of course, Tippy McGee didn't betray himself by looking any different than a Lackawanna commuter purchasing his Saturday supplies in Washington Market. That wouldn't be according to Hug Hogan's book. And besides who the hell was this fellow—a "bull"?

Tippy merely said, "Who's in the burglar business nowadays, with makin' money in German Marks so easy?" But the sporty-looking man with the soft blue hat pulled down well over a high forehead and deep brown eyes went on. He insisted, in fact, that the bottom hadn't yet fallen out of the burglar business and he knew it.

"How do you know it?" was Tippy's next try. Maybe the sporty fellow knew more about the insides than he did.

"My dear man, the very thrill of the dark-lantern game always insures a certain percentage of excitement-loving creatures sticking to the colors—and to the spoils," answered Tippy's good-looking walking mate.

"And to Hug Hogan's book," thought Tippy. Said he aloud: "Suppose I do produce an A No. 1 footpad—a gink what has passed his kindergarten lessons in takin' money easy and is rolling in wealth gained from a knowledge of the 32nd degree of burglar's codes. What you goin' to do with him?" Tippy had to feel around this guy; what was he pulling, anyway?

"You see I'm an author," said the sporty-looking one, and he said it sort of cringingly, thought Tippy, as if it hurt him to admit a calling like that.

"Hell!" said Tippy, "that don't explain nothin' to me. An author can write about a burglar and make people think it's a game for standees at a Sunday School lemonade party. It's enough for you writin' guys to play with a burglar with your typewriters, without wantin' to face one."

But somehow or other Tippy's friend couldn't be stopped. "Again I ask you to listen," he persisted. Then he seemed to ponder for a moment, as if wondering how to begin saying something. "Now, my name's

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"Now wait a minute, wait a minute, mister—what's all this got to do with me?" Tippy McGee wanted to know. "Do I look as if I could help you to find a regular burglar?"

Lakestream, Robert Lakestream, author of the 'Yellow Goddess,' 'The Moon's Revenge,' 'Devil's Daughter' and the series of articles on ancestry running in the Neapolitan Magazine." Tippy showed no sign of recognizing the name of this self-considered famous personage. It was as if Tippy had been vindicated in his belief that this bloke was a no-account, while he himself got a greater reflective glory out of his own hazardous calling. "I'm writing stories on contract for the largest magazines in the country. I've had phenomenal success. My best hit so far was a serial concerning a burglar who got the blues in the final chapter. He reformed and became a teacher in the Salvation Army mission, marrying the girl who dragged him out of the gutter—I mean out of the jeweler's window." Tippy's disgusted look caused Lakestream to pause for a minute, but only for a minute, for he was an author, and an author, after all, must have courage, even in the face of grimaces from a fellow like Tippy McGee.

Lakestream continued, "I'm doing another thriller serial for the Grand Magazine, and I'm continuing my great story of the hero burglar. But here's what I—"

"Now, wait a minute, wait a minute, mister—what's all this got to do with me?" Tippy McGee wanted to know. "Here you are shootin' your face off a mile-a-minute about serials, magazines, burglars and Salvation Army high jinks to a respectable West Street stroller. Do I look as if I could help you to find a burglar? Don't hold me—I've got a date to catch the six o'clock ferry to my factory in Jersey City." Then he essayed to go as if he actually cared naught for the company of a famous author like Robert Lakestream.

"My dear man, just one more minute," begged Tippy's sporty-looking questioner. "I'm deep in the first section of my story and have come to a stopping place—a jumping-off place. My style's broken into pieces and worst of all my inspiration has flown. I went ahead and promised this story to old Galloway of the Grand Magazine by next Friday and now, darn it, I'm in a fair way never to finish the infernal thing. There's five thousand dollars promised for it; twenty-five hundred in my pocket already. One thousand dol-

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lars of this money in my pocket is just itching to find its legitimate way into the clever hands of a first-class, honest-to-goodness burglar who carries his union card in his hat." As he spoke Lakestream appeared to be watching his companion closely.

By this time, Tippy had decided to stick around for awhile. This guy calling himself Lakestream had, after all, the earmarks of an author in distress and didn't resemble even a "dick" in disguise. If he was really a detective, thought Tippy, he was a damn poor one, for he wasn't tricking anyone but himself. But beyond all this Tippy wanted to know what was eatin' this nut who was yellin' about makin' a donation of a thousand iron men flat to a regular housebreaker.

So said Tippy: "One thousand peters to a unionized burglar isn't a crack in the coffee cup compared to ordinary returns for a night's job. Is this thousand unattached—just comin' to a guy natural—or is there difficulty sneakin' around?"

"All that depends," answered Lakestream, "upon the ability of this mythical burglar to come up to my requirements. So far as work is concerned this thousand dollars 'll be straight orthodox. My burglar must merely show the rudiments of a proud teacher displaying his wares. There's no chance connected with it."

"No risk?" doubted Tippy McGee, as if he wasn't going to like the reply.

"Not a risk in the world to a gifted worker."

Darlin' Ethel, daughter of his father's boss, Bill Darby, who ran the soap plant on First Avenue.

"Then I,—I mean a respectable burglar isn't going to accept your thousand dollars," said Tippy. How he disdained a proposition of this kind! Why, it was absolutely out of kilter with the rules that Hug Hogan read out of his book! And besides money gotten without any strings tacked to it made Tippy McGee naturally suspicious. What kind of a boob outside of an author—would make a proposition of this kind to a burglar during his office hours?

Then the face of the sporty guy assumed an odd, a different expression. "Now, my good friend, (Tippy hated this 'good friend' stuff like poison), don't let me startle you with what I am about to say." Tippy laughed at the *startle* reference. A guy who had zipped the glycerine in the dead of night, with the alarm bell pounding in his ears, getting startled at anything this classy fellow would say! But Lakestream was talking. "Now I know you're a rated burglar! My perceptive psychology has stood me in good stead. When we first sipped oranges together I thought you might be a typical West Street stroller. But you soon gave yourself away. Your consuming interest in my proposition meant only one thing to a perceiver of the type of Robert Lakestream, well-known author. Come, step into this welcome-looking place for a few minutes with me."

Did Tippy McGee falter? Did he show the slightest quiver of concern at the use the sporty one had made of his authoresque divining rod? He knew better, and besides he was interested. He wasn't afraid of this gink putting anything over on him. He would go into this place and get a slant at the guy's proposition; he wasn't actually into the thing yet and he didn't have to do anything that sounded phoney. And besides the place Lakestream had designated was Jerry O'Garry's restaurant. A stein or two wouldn't go so bad. He didn't know anybody very well in this neighborhood so he didn't have to fear being kidded by his pals about "entertaining the enemy."

"I'll consider anything legitimate in accomplished burglary, but I lay down on shootin' anybody for that thousand," said Tippy, when they were seated at a dingy, stained table. Thus saying he gave Lakestream his first actual intimation that his divining had been accurate and he also laid down a tenet of the code of honorable burglars. Work with the gun was merely a protective measure for Tippy, with a "bull" or a sprinkling of the Finest the usual target.

"Good!" said Lakestream over his glass of liquid that tested well over 2.75. "Then my proposition will sound O. K. to you because I don't expect there'll be any gun-play. My burglar story, 'Horrible Henry's Last Job,' is in a sad condition. I left it in a hopeless state. It will remain hopeless and impossible until I've seen a regular burglar at his regular work. I've written thrillers about steel-workers and written well because I've watched those girder-tripping birds. I can describe a beautiful woman because they fairly walk on your toes here in New York, but how can an author, even an author of my reputation, describe a burglar out of his mind's eye? My story—the best bet of my writing life thus far—will turn a flivver if I can't get the real inspiration of seeing a burglar busy at his job, feel the horror of stirring curtains, the heart-pound of a tread on the stairway, the utter,

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¶ *"Please find my daughter—my son—my husband!" is the frantic appeal made every hour of the day to "Headquarters"*

Captain Ayers listening to the story of a distracted mother whose daughter has disappeared.

Why People Disappear

An Intimate Glimpse of the Workings of the Missing Persons Bureau at New York Police Headquarters

An Interesting Interview with Captain John Ayers *in Command of Missing Persons Bureau*

By Ada Patterson

"WHY do people run away?" I asked Capt. John Ayers.

Captain Ayers is the tall, strong-featured, gray-eyed man, the shepherd of the lost in the *seven millioned* city of New York. He solves the problems of missing persons in the metropolis of the world.

"Half of them run away because the restlessness of youth is seeking adventure. Of the other fifty percent, each case is an individual problem. The man or woman who disappears has his or her own reasons for fading out of view. Often it is an aggrevated case of the restlessness of youth that has grown to desperation in the adult. Escape! Escape from conditions they have imagined intolerable is the way many of the grown-ups try to explain it. The truth is they are shunning responsibility."

The shepherd's jaws snapped. They snap occasionally but, too, they relax into a smile that is half roguish and wholly agreeable. In our chat in the large office at the end of the corridor in the old gray building with the guilded dome, New York Police Headquarters, he smiled oftener than he snapped.

He is one of the college men of New York's police force. The students of Hamilton College discuss the stories told of one of the boys who went to New York and became a cop. The only child of a blind mother he was a studious, introspective youth, with flashes of

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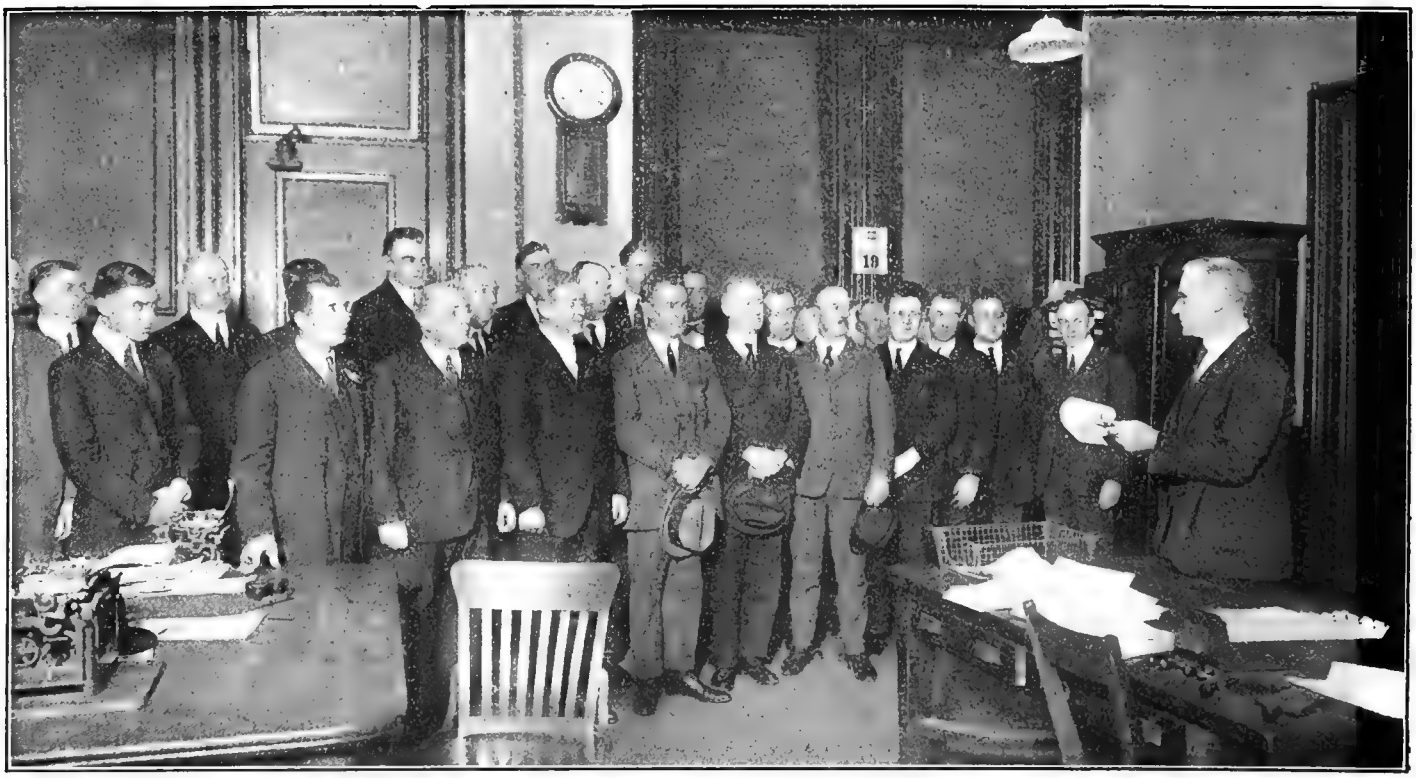

The morning line-up in the Missing Persons Bureau with Captain Ayers reading the "alarms" to his men.

startling decision and with a quiet tone and manner of command that none of the Hamilton fellows was disposed to ignore. Or, having ignored, was ever disposed to repeat his mistake.

The young man went to New York to seek the opportunity that all youth seeks. The "opening" came from the Police Department. The stalwart young man was taken on as a patrolman. He swayed a club in the Cherry Hill district. "The toughest" district, which began at Brooklyn Bridge and extended toward the East River and along the Bowery, then lived up or down to its highly spectacular name. He used the club. There's a story of his encounter with a gang of rebels against authority that left all of them prone, or staggering, but repentant.

Then up and out of the ranks and up the ladder to Headquarters as an assistant in the executive offices. Then a rebuilding of the Missing Persons Department which has no equal in this country.

"I suspect you of sympathy with the runaway boy" I said severely after listening to stories of and excuses for the delinquent. A twinkle flitted through the Captain's eyes. He reflected. He decided.

"Don't let the runaway boys' of New York share your suspicions." The smile broadened into a laugh. "When we were both fifteen my chum ran away. I—well, my mother was blind. My chum went as far as California. He came back three years ago and told me about it. He said he began his West Slope career as a butcher boy. In a few years he owned the butcher shop. The business expanded from retail into wholesale. His income is a hundred and fifty thousand a year."

"You don't consider the missing boy incorrigible?"

"Again, don't tell the runaways. But have you noticed how many of America's greatest men were runaway boys?"

We nodded sagely at each other.

"What is the restless age of boyhood?" I asked.

"Fifteen" he answered.

"Will you tell me of a typical case?"

"One was cleared up yesterday. A man of such standing in the community that you would recognize his name instantly, if I mentioned it, called here to tell me of his boy's disappearance. He said the lad had a good home and was kindly treated. He was puzzled about the reason for his disappearance, if it was a voluntary one. Perhaps his son had been stolen for a ransom.

"We hastened to get all the information possible about the boy's tastes and habits. They are the key to voluntary disappearance. We found he was a healthy, well grown lad of the runaway age, fifteen. He was only a fair student. He didn't care much for school. He was not especially interested in anything so far as his parents knew. We learned that he had one striking habit; he liked to ramble about town alone. The family called those long aimless strolls his trips of exploration. He was a silent youth. Occasionally, when he came home from the long walks, he was persuaded to tell where he had been and what had interested him. He was interested in how things were done. He especially wanted to know how beeves were killed and dressed and sent to market.

"Fortunately we got on the trail of the boy while it was hot. That is something that all persons who miss somebody from their fold must remember. Don't wait! Report the fact as soon as you can. If the person turns up, as from an impulsive and unannounced visit to someone, no harm will have been done. But if he does not there is the incalculable advantage of having gotten an early warning. With but a few hours start the fugitive cannot have gone far. With a few days start he may be lost forever.

"But the boy. Where do you suppose we found him? The son of a rich family he was working in jumpers in a slaughter-house in a neighboring city. He was working for a wage and supporting himself. But he had need of more clothing and wrote home for it. He asked that it be sent by general delivery. You can guess the

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rest. Officers were watching the general delivery window. When the boy asked for mail he was gently invited to come home.

"He came willingly. His adventure was over. He seems fairly content to be at home. His father gave him a hearty, man to man, good-natured greeting. I was interested in his mother's attitude. 'To think that he would have sold the watch I gave him,' she wept. 'The boy has no feeling.' I reminded the lady of the ancient law of self preservation. The boy was hungry. Would she have had him keep his watch and starve?

"When girls run away it is not usually because some unscrupulous male has lured them from home. It is because the home is unpleasant, a place to flee from. Most often that kind of home is one of foreign-born parents. A girl from such a home was brought to my office yesterday. She was sixteen. A rebellious little dark-eyed beauty who showed me scars on her arms and shoulder, records of family discipline. Even her brother, only two years older than she, assisted in the family discipline. The girl had run away and had spent the five days with different girl friends. We found she was telling the truth. I sent her home in the care of a sister-in-law. The sister-in-law carried my message. 'The brother has no more right to strike his sister than I have. If he does strike her again the law will interfere and take the girl from her family.'

"The number of true scare-head stories of the girl being lured from her home by a handsome stranger is negligible. The story of the girl who resents family tyranny and niggardliness is legion.

"Men tire of the humdrumness of home and of their responsibilities for its upkeep. They tire of meeting its expenses. The harder the conditions become the more tired the head of the house becomes. When he can't pay the rent and when there is a new baby coming he runs away. Such cases are exasperatingly common."

"What of the men who never come back?"

"There are a few. I recall a case of a deserted wife who came here day after day with her six year old child trying to get news of her husband. She was a limp, miserable sample of the human family. Hopeless, helpless, wanting to die. One day I had a serious talk with her.

"I told her it was time for her to wake up. 'Your husband may be dead' I said 'but the strong probability is that he has simply decamped. You will have to live and your children will have to live. Think of what you can do to support her and yourself.' My plain speaking roused her. She looked like someone who had been thrust into a cold bath. She said 'My husband did not run away because he had a badly-kept home. I am not lazy. I am a good housekeeper.' Her words were a finger pointing to an occupation. She got work in a

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Reception Desk in the Bureau of Missing Persons, Detective-Sergeants Duane, Moore and Koerbacher in attendance.

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EDITORIALS

Play This on Your Imagination

THE attention of pacifists, non-resistants, anti-forcists, conscientious objectors and the like is directed to the comment of Mr. Thomas Alva Edison who remarked the other day that "Civilization is a lot of people in one place—plus a policeman * * * * * If we took the police out of New York City half the population would be in panic-stricken flight within two days."

The average city dweller is inclined to be cynical about policemen. The fact that he is enabled to go about his business, live with his family and pursue his amusements with a degree of safety that is little short of a miracle, solely because a blue-clad group of rather inadequately paid men are willing to face all kinds of weather conditions, brave all manner of dangers and conduct themselves as reasonably decent citizens and fathers of families at the same time, does not occur to him. What New York or any other large city would be like were the "thin blue line" removed from it can be grasped by reference to the files of the Boston newspapers during the police strike a few years ago. Those who lived in Boston are not likely to forget it. Calvin Coolidge was then Governor of Massachusetts, and it was his swift and able handling of that crisis that attracted to him the light that pointed his way to the White House.

Those who contend that every problem can be handled by moral suasion or arbitration would do well to devote a part of their leisure hours to contemplating their city without the policeman. Mr. Edison's statement that a large part of the population would be in flight within two days is an exaggeration; he allowed too much time. One day would be enough. Arbitration is good if there stands behind it a capable and effective force. Moral suasion is excellent, but a sound hickory stick to back up the suasion is vitally necessary.

Many of the dwellers in this vale of tears are amenable to pacific measures, but what shall one do with that even larger group who do not know that moral suasion is a mighty force? To drop to a light simile the situation is not unlike that adumbrated by the eminent Mr. David Warfield in his earlier days as a Hebrew comedian. It was on the stage of a historic Broadway theatre, if memory serves, that Mr. Warfield in his role of a peddler, when told that a barking dog never bites, remarked:

"Yes. I know dot, and you know dot, but vat droubles me iss does der *dog* know dot?"

It would be helpful to many of us to occasionally visualize our community suddenly bereft of police. That visualization would encompass fires rising to conflagrations, murders, robbery increasing to wholesale looting, riots and destruction that would stagger the imagination. The mere knowledge that the repressive force of authority under the law had been lifted would be sufficient to precipitate a condition making anarchy look like a parlor pastime and human slaughter a simple game of hide and seek.

Why the Pistol Must Go

BIG is the fight being waged against the free sale of the man-killing pistol; it is growing in strength and intensity as the intelligent public begins to fully realize the menace that lies behind the too easy possession of firearms. So long as a thug may walk into any pawnbroker's shop and buy a "gat" without let or hindrance, just so long will murder flourish in our great cities. While the revolver and the automatic pistol are left lying about the homes of citizens where children are likely to play with these death-dealing mechanisms, we may expect to see tragedy stalking beside the hearth and romping in the playroom.

Few opponents of the pistol have been more forcibly outspoken than has Magistrate Frederick B. House, who recently had this to say about the small gun:

"I would be willing to get together with decent citizens and urge a law that would make it a felony to manufacture these guns. What do these people who make guns care whether you or any one else is killed? All they want is to make these deadly weapons and let them go out indiscriminately. They don't pay a bit of attention to the people who are being killed.

"A strong effort has been made by such gentlemen as Chief Magistrate William McAdoo, Police Commissioner Richard E. Enright and other prominent police officials throughout the United States to get some sort of law passed that would limit the sale of these deadly weapons.

"A bill was prepared and presented in Congress, and it was thought that it had a fair chance of passing, but the bill never came out of the committee.

"It is an outrage and a shame that a gunman or a hold-up man can get one or a dozen guns if he wants them, and parade around the streets with them and shoot citizens down, yet every time a bill is offered that has any teeth in it and will prevent the sale of these deadly weapons we find the invisible empire against the bill, and you can't move it.

"When the decent, law-abiding citizens of this country come to realize and appreciate what the situation is, we may be able to get some national legislation on this subject."

Since Judge House launched this javelin of logic, a number of states have started legislation looking to the prevention of the indiscriminate sale of firearms. It is only a question of time and an aroused public sentiment when the absurdity of merchandising death over the counter and through the mails will be brought to a swift conclusion.

It is a highly significant fact that several of the great mail-order corporations, supplying annually millions of dollars worth of merchandise to customers distributed everywhere throughout the land, have announced that they will no longer advertise or sell any kind of a pistol. And these big concerns have determined to sweep the deadly revolver from their catalogues and off their shelves from the purely moral consciousness that its sale is detrimental to the welfare of humanity.

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COULD YOU TELL ME OF A GOOD RESTAURANT NEAR HERE?
RIGHT DOWN THE STREET AND UP THE FIRST ALLEY. DONT TAKE THE CORNER TABLE ITS GOT A BROKEN LEG
TO BE A PERFECT COP YOU MUST BE AFFABLE AND COURTEOUS
YOU MUST NOT MIND RAIN OR SNOW.
I WISH THEY'D STOP THAT SHOOTING. THEY MIGHT BREAK SOME OF THESE PLATE GLASS WINDOWS
YOU MUST BE BRAVE AND COOL
AWFULLY SORRY, OFFICER!
DONT MENTION IT.
YOU MUST BE GOOD NATURED
WHEN COMPLETED THIS BUILDING WILL BE OCCUPIED BY
TAKE IT
YOU MUST HAVE HIGH PRINCIPLES
NO! I PROMISED MY DEAR OLD MOTHER TO BEWARE OF HARD STUFF.
HE'LL GO TO SLEEP IF YOU KEEP ON WALKING
LEAVE IT TO ME, WIFEY
YOW!
AFTER WALKING ALL DAY YOU MUST WALK ALL NIGHT IF NECESSARY
F. OPPER

A Few Qualifications of the Perfect Policeman

Drawn by Frederick B. Opper *the Noted Humorous Artist*

Google NEW YOR

An Interru

A Comedy S

By Myr

Author of "Number 9 Pitts Street," "Two Sim

Illustrated by T.

(*Copyright by Myra Maxwell*, 1924.

CHARACTERS

MAGGIE O'DOWD.	An old offender. Age 30.
FATHER DILLON.	A priest of the slums. Age 60.
GOLDSTONE.	A Yiddish detective. Age 35.
EDITH BONNER.	From the White Lights. Age 20.
TERENCE.	Maggie's son, (Voice heard off stage.)

TIME. The present, close of a day in Spring.

PLACE. The lower East Side, New York City. Kitchen in the home of Maggie O'Dowd. There is an air of cleanliness and some attempt at home-making. The stove is shining, a lamp is adorned with a bright paper shade, some dishes are seen in a cupboard and on shelves and a flower-pot holds a geranium in blossom. On the wall is a crucifix and a small hanging clock which indicates ten minutes to six. Entrance door is at right, another door at left, a practical window in the back wall.

SCENE. The stage is empty at rise of curtain. Maggie is heard off stage singing. She enters at left. She is a handsome, youngish woman, neat in appearance, cheerful of manner, indeed a very merry soul always ready to laugh, and she speaks with a slight Irish accent. She consults clock, takes purse from cupboard drawer, extracts a coin which she wraps in paper, then crosses to window, raises it, sticks her head out and yells:

MAGGIE. Hi there! Terry! Terence! Ter-rance! [*Voice heard off in distance.*]

VOICE. Whatcher want, mom?

MAGGIE. Here, Terence, here's a quarter; get all the evenin' papers; World, Journal, Sun, Graphic and Telegram, and bring back the change. Here you are now! [*Throws coin down to Terence. A pause.*]

VOICE. [*Off.*] It rolled down de gratin'.

MAGGIE. [*Still looking from window.*] Gratin' nothin'! There it is—on the top of Mrs. Fagan's garbage can. Yes, that's it! Get all the papers, Terry, and mind, I want the change. Go on now, beat it! [*The stage has grown gradually darker. Maggie closes window and lights lamp. A knock at door is heard.*] Come in! [*Father Dillon enters. He is a gentle creature, without much sophistication.*] Well, Father Dillon! I'm that pleased to see you!

FATHER DILLON. God save all here!

MAGGIE. [*Laughs.*] Ah, you've all the old blessings of County Meath with you! I do like the friendly ways of you Irish.

FATHER DILLON. And aren't *you* Irish, Maggie O'Dowd?

MAGGIE. Me? I'm American, *pure* American!

FATHER DILLON. You were born in Ireland.

MAGGIE. I'm not forgettin' that, but only *real* Americans is born somewhere else; them what's born in *this* country is *fakes!*

FATHER DILLON. [*Amused.*] Who's told you that, Maggie?

MAGGIE. 'Tis what I heard the men say over on Welfare Island, when I was servin' out one of me short terms.

FATHER DILLON. What do they know of such things?

MAGGIE. Oh, 'tis splendid patriotism you'll find there! You should hear them talk about their *rights!* It's somethin' grand! President Coolidge hisself couldn't stand up against it all.

FATHER DILLON. It's little any of them knows of patriotism, I'm thinking.

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Anything Can Happen," "*Hide and Seek,*" *etc.*

ON MACHAMER

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MAGGIE. 'Tis on Welfare Island you'll find spirit; why I'd back up Welfare against Sing Sing any old day—but of course it ain't so *classy.*

FATHER DILLON. [*Severely.*] You've turned your back on all that now—you musn't think of your old prison associates except to remember them in your prayers. I'm very proud of your reformation, Maggie. It's been almost a year now, hasn't it?

MAGGIE. [*Proudly.*] A year last Friday it was, your Riverence.

FATHER DILLON. You're a fine example of what prisons can accomplish, and so fulfill their mission.

MAGGIE. [*Surprised.*] And for what missions is prisons?

FATHER DILLON. To reform the prisoner; to teach honor and kindness, charity and love.

MAGGIE. [*Much Amused*] Go on! Somebody's been pullin' your leg, Father. Prisons don't teach none of them things.

FATHER DILLON. It's what they're intended for, Maggie.

MAGGIE. Not a bit of it! I'd ought to know, hadn't I? Three times on Welfare, one up in Auburn, and a nasty six weeks that time I got curious and wandered over to Brooklyn. That was the mistake of me life, that absent-minded stroll I took over the Bridge. [*Laughs silently.*]

FATHER DILLON. Well, after all the years you spent breaking the law, and then paying for it, in prisons; you're leading a clean, sweet life at last, Maggie, thank God!

MAGGIE. Sure. But it ain't prisons what's done it.

FATHER DILLON. They've helped some—the rest was your own true repentance.

MAGGIE. 'Twas you mostly, Father Dillon; and the boy. I promised you that time Terry was ill I'd run on the level, didn't I?

FATHER DILLON. It's been a great victory for you.

MAGGIE. [*Proudly.*] For fifteen years, mind you, I was known as the slickest dip in this country, bar none, male or female! Some reputation, eh Father? Of course, the police calls it pickpocket. [*Laughs a bit.*]

FATHER DILLON. [*Shakes his head sadly.*] Maggie O'Dowd, pickpocket!

MAGGIE. [*Quickly.*] Never on your life! 'Twas as *Margaret* O'Dowd, not *Maggie,* I always faced them hard-hearted magistrates. As Maggie O'Dowd me true self, I bear a spotless character.

FATHER DILLON. You poor child!

MAGGIE. I learned me trade, Father, when I was a little girl from old Sally Gompers. "Queen of dips" they called her. She taught me how to make me eyes, and me fingers, do anything I wanted them to do.

FATHER DILLON. Horrible! Horrible! The wicked old wretch!

MAGGIE. I was workin' for Sally four years before I was pinched and sent to the "Correction", and I wasn't twelve years old yet—foxy kid, wasn't I?

FATHER DILLON. [*Shocked.*] Why Maggie, you're speaking of your ability to pick pockets as if it were something to be proud of; there's nothing but shame attached to stealing, *shame* and *dishonor.* Sally Gompers who taught you to steal was an old vulture!

MAGGIE. [*Sighs.*] Of course; but the poor dear's dead long ago. God rest her soul!

FATHER DILLON. *Amen!* Though she don't deserve it!

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MAGGIE. [*Brightly.*] The bulls is givin' me a let up, Father—you know, the cops. Them fellers don't believe in *re*form, but on account of you, they're tryin' to be sociable, throwin' a joke at me when I pass. [*Proudly.*] And what do you think, now? It's an offer of marriage I've had from Roundsman Dugan. [*Laughs.*]

FATHER DILLON. What! Dugan wants to marry you?

MAGGIE. He does: and it was Dugan hisself that twict pulled me in—though he has since apologized. I give him credit for that.

FATHER DILLON. Dugan's a fine man. What about your laundry work, Maggie? Your customers are from up town, you said.

MAGGIE. [*Nods.*] Mostly actresses, and them other kind—what dresses swell—you know.

FATHER DILLON. Poor souls! But I suppose even actresses and—and that other kind, must have clean underclothes.

MAGGIE. [*Confidentially.*] Oh, you should see all them fine little silk things they wears.

FATHER DILLON. [*Quickly, with raised hands.*] God forbid!

MAGGIE. [*Amused.*] You'd never know what half of 'em was intinded for, all having French names to explain theirselves.

FATHER DILLON. [*Preparing to leave.*] I'm on my way, Maggie, to see old Foster on the top floor. He's ill and I promised to look in on him.

MAGGIE. I'll be havin' supper later on, Father. Would you care to have a bite with me and Terry?

FATHER DILLON. [*Pleased.*] I've never forgotten your wonderful hot cakes, Maggie O'Dowd. Faith, I've dreamt of them. [*Smiles at her.*]

MAGGIE. Come back then, and I'll turn over a few for you.

FATHER DILLON. [*At door.*] Maybe; maybe I will, Maggie. Sure the thought of them is enticing. [*Exits. Maggie busies herself about the room a few moments. Whistling is heard off, and Terence kicks at door and thrusts an armful of papers through.*]

VOICE. [*Heard off.*] Papers, Mom! [*Resumes whistling.*]

MAGGIE. [*At door, takes papers.*] Give me the change. Ye're holdin' out on me, Terry. [*Business.*] Here now, here's a couple of pennies for you, and come up soon for your supper, Terence. [*Closes door—a noisy exit heard off stage. Maggie searches each paper in turn for some particular item. She finds it at last in the Telegram, tears it carefully out, reads it again, gathers up papers and puts them out of sight. Knock is heard at door.*] Come in! [*Goldstone enters with Edith Bonner. He is somewhat overdressed. Edith is the last word in up-to-date smartness.*]

GOLDSTONE. Good evenin', Mrs. O'Dowd, ain't it? I don't tink you remember me.

MAGGIE. You guessed right first time. Who are you?

GOLDSTONE. My name is Goldstone.

MAGGIE. [*Sizing him up.*] Hock shop, or fence?

GOLDSTONE. [*Indignantly.*] Needer, Mrs. O'Dowd, needer.

MAGGIE. Didn't you say your name was *Goldstone?*

GOLDSTONE. Yes, it iss; but I'm a detecatif!

MAGGIE. [*Quickly on the defensive.*] Well, I ain't got no information to give no detectives! I'm runnin' straight; I don't know *nothin'*, see?

GOLDSTONE. But you doan' unnerstan—

MAGGIE. [*Interrupts.*] Nothin' on the slant for over a year, I tell you! I don't *know* no crooks, and I ain't got no information to give, get me?

GOLDSTONE. Listen! Dis young lady is Miss Ponner, Miss Edith Ponner of de Montauk Apartments, Central Park Vest—

MAGGIE. [*Very politely.*] Is it a laundress you're wantin', Miss?

EDITH. [*Smiles.*] Are you a laundress?

MAGGIE. Three dollars and a half a dozen for plain pieces, five and a half for fancy lace-trimmed lon*ju*rie, and one dollar extra for runnin' the ribbons through.

EDITH. But I'm not looking for a laundress, it's something more important we've come about.

GOLDSTONE. [*To Edith.*] *I* vill explain. [*To Maggie.*] Yesterday afternoon, Miss Ponner loses a diamond ornament—

EDITH. A lavallière.

GOLDSTONE. Yes, a la—la— vhat iss it, you call it once?

EDITH. [*Smiles.*] A pendant, on a platinum chain.

GOLDSTONE. [*To Maggie.*] A diamond pendon, on a platinum chain. From Tiffany—de *real ting.*

MAGGIE. What a shame!

GOLDSTONE. [*Excitedly.*] A *shame?* Dat diamond pendon was vorth—[*looks at Edith.*]

EDITH. [*Quietly*] Five thousand dollars.

GOLDSTONE. [*Bewildered.*] My God! You hear dat? *Five tousand dollars!* [*Softly to himself.*] Yoi, yoi!

MAGGIE. [*Makes sound of tongue against teeth.*] Your gentleman friend's good to you, Miss. He must be a millionaire. Where'd you lose it? In the subway, maybe, or the street car.

EDITH. [*Quietly, but with a note of pride.*] I never ride in public conveyances. I have a car of my own.

MAGGIE. [*Quickly.*] The shovver's got it! I know them fellers.

EDITH. Oh, no! My chauffeur is perfectly trustworthy; besides, I didn't lose it in my car.

GOLDSTONE. Didn't lose it in her car, you see? You see, Mrs. O'Dowd? *You see? You see?*

MAGGIE. [*Aroused.*] How should *I see?* [*Mimics him.*] Talk American.

GOLDSTONE. Miss Ponner didn't lose dat diamond pendon in her car, or she didn't lose it *anyvhere*—it vas *stole!*

MAGGIE. How could it be stole and her wearin' it round her neck, close to her skin?

GOLDSTONE. Only von vay it could be done—[*Raises his hands, palms out.*]—a dip.

MAGGIE. Aw, go on! Ain't no dip in New York what can pick a Tiffany ketch.

GOLDSTONE. Dere is *yust von*—yourself!

MAGGIE. [*Laughs a bit.*] *Me!* You're jokin'. I've quit long ago. Go ask the bulls if you don't believe me. Why I ain't poked me head inside of a hock shop or been near a fence in over a year, and that's gospel. Ask Heggie, the dirty old robber!

GOLDSTONE. I haf talked to de cops today and I haf seen Heggie too, but I vas not satisfied. I haf also talked to some of your old time pals, Mrs. O'Dowd.

MAGGIE. I know! "The Snake", "Nosey Sol" and "Jenny-the-Bug"—but ain't none of *them* could unlatch a Tiffany, and the young lady not wake up. [*Laughs.*] The dip what could do that stunt, would be ahead of Class A, *believe me!*

(*Continued on page* 53)

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Nemesis in Good Humor

Once Again an Absconding Cashier Leaves Behind Him the Inevitable Clue But Not of the Conventional Kind

By Raymond S. Spears

Author of "The River Prophet", "Diamond Tolls", "Driftwood", Etc.

Illustrated by Leo Kober

Mr. Copron Colphete nursed a grievance against the Polefat National Bank. He was cashier of the bank, and therefore his grievance was a matter of concern for everyone—but only Colphete knew of the spite. He had been with the bank twenty years, and had attended strictly to business. He would have been ideal if his heart had not been sore.

He had tagged President Densten up from "boy," and stepped into Densten's shoes as Cashier. Densten grew wealthy, from the time he became president, while Colphete remained poor. The fact that Densten was fifteen years older than Colphete did not count in the cashier's mind—he saw the president's automobile, his fine mansion, his increasing dignity, but not his gray hairs. All Colphete wanted was an independent income equal to his wages—$1,500 a year. That would have satisfied him, and he would have gratified his longings for the outdoors.

Harboring so much resentment, Colphete came to the point where he could see no wrong in doing what he made up his mind to do when his opportunity came, and his opportunity was in the Kipple Tract deal. There were exactly one thousand $50 bills required for this transaction, and the bills were all in one neat little package that weighed almost four pounds, including, of course, the wrapping.

Mr. Colphete did up a package exactly like that package—seals, twine, paper, and all—except that instead of $50 bills it contained slips of green paper the exact size of $50 bills. He wrapped this package in a newspaper and took it to the bank on the Saturday morning before he was going on his vacation, which this year he elected to take in late September. At the proper moment, in the vault, he placed the substitute beside the package of bills in its box. Later—when he was alone, of course—he took the package out and walked quietly homeward to his desolate boarding house.

Never had an absconding cashier had a better opportunity, and never was a man able to make a cleaner get-away. It was Saturday afternoon. He could start at once without suspicion, since he was going on his vacation. The money would not be missed until the following Wednesday when the paper mill would apply for the package to pay Old Joe Holbet for his thousand acres of virgin spruce.

Mr. Colphete had a sense of humor; he grinned with real ecstasy as he thought of Mr. William Boste's calm dignity when he handed the package from the vault-box to the paper mill's representative, and of the shrewd, old, and suspicious lumberman and landowner, and the paper mill crowd gathering around the table to arrange the final details of the land sale. President Bocker of the mill company would nonchalantly, and with just the slightest show of contempt, toss the package over to Old Joe.

Then Old Joe would break the seals, untie the strings, and carefully unwrap the paper, the thick yellow banking manila, and then the oiled inner wrapping, and finally open up the solid mass of—of neatly trimmed rectangles of worthless green paper.

"Oh, gee!" Mr. Colphete whispered maliciously. "I'd like to see Old Joe's face and their faces at that minute!"

The arrangements for the get-away were as perfect as human ingenuity could contrive. Mr. Copron Colphete had been planning for ten years. He knew exactly what he would do, every turn he would make in every emergency. He could write it out by heart at full speed without a moment's hesitation, and while he waited calmly for train time, he wrote it out again, and he could see himself going through each stage of the journey.

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The bills were all in one neat little package that weighed almost four pounds, including, of course, the wrapping.

Over and over again he imagined the scene when the fake package was opened; he fancied the rush to the bank, the notifying of the detective agency, the hurried tracing of the money package back from hand to hand, the doubt, the good reputation of everybody concerned—the rush of the newspaper men, the startling headlines:

$50,000 MISSING
ANOTHER MAN GONE WRONG
Who Put Up This Job On Old Joe Holbet?

He chuckled as he visualized the story: "Mr. Colphete is away on his vacation, and it is hoped he will be able to clear up the mystery"—and so on, to indicate that Mr. Colphete could if he would, or would if he could, only he is missing, and his vacation intentions are unknown to any of his friends.

In due course, by the clock, Mr. Colphete stepped away toward the railway station. He bought a ticket to the Junction, slipped on board an accommodation that took him to Utica, jumped the trolley for Syracuse, and there changed for the railroad to Batavia, from which place he came to Rochester, and from Rochester he doubled back to Buffalo, whence he crossed over to Pittsburgh, an entirely different man.

At the Junction he had changed his black derby for a brown fedora, and his black coat for a mail-order business suitcoat. He found opportunity to change his trousers, and from the time he jumped the Utica trolley, he no longer minced his footsteps, but stepped out with unwonted freedom. Moreover, knowing how well bank cashiers know money, he broke no $50. bill, muttering to himself:

"Time enough fo' dat
When my money git slack!"

He had enough "change" to keep him two or three years.

When he arrived in Pittsburgh, he had a swing to his gait, and the initials were "M. O."—Manly Osburg

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—instead of "C. C.," for he was a very methodical person, and had for many years planned every feature, every detail of the thing that would make him rich and keep his get-away clean. The idea that human ingenuity could not contrive a flawless and unpursuable escape was to his mind ridiculous.

Pittsburgh is the jumping-off place for the able fugitive who is acquainted with the world. If a banker walks through Pittsburgh, with due care and foresight, he would have no trouble in emerging therefrom a genius, a hobo, a manufacturer, a gypsy, or a shanty-boater. Colphete elected to emerge a shanty-boater, which indicates the descretion and unusual intelligence of the Polefat National Bank's cashier.

Generally, fugitive bank cashiers leave trails behind them that lead straight to the hotbeds of wickedness. They jump from city to city—from nation to nation with reckless, unintelligent, wide-eyed fear. Nemesis scornes that kind and refuses to have the agony long drawn out. In a year or two Nemesis brings the fool back to face the consequences of his folly—suffering from conscience and prison terror. But let a fugitive be a real wise one, with a sense of humor, and Nemesis, after a blink or two of surprise at the novelty hands him one in kind.

Copron Colphete entered Pittsburgh and emerged on the far side, a little sooty, but jaunty and smiling. He didn't even glance backward uneasily, for he knew that Shylock Holmes himself couldn't follow that trail. At the Monongahela wharf he up-ended his suit case, and sat on the "M. O." end, took out a second-hand brierwood, tucked some long cut into it, and began to smoke.

The river looked good. It was boiling under an unexpected September rise. On the far side, a coal fleet was nudging out into the current, bound for New Orleans. Some dirty little gasoline launches were tearing up the glassy surface, and there was a pile-driver being nosed upstream. Downstream a-ways were some very beautiful gasoline launches moored in an artificial harbor by a floating clubhouse, and upstream were some little house-boats, but he did not call them house-boats. He knew what they were in fact; they were shanty-boats.

Shanty-boats! It is a magic term. Of ten thousand absconding bank cashiers, only one had ever dreamed of shanty-boats; and that one now gazed fondly at the consummation of his dreams. There they were, some reddish-brown, some blackish-white, some bluish-gray, and some just plain tar-paper shacks on driftwood scows. At the borderland of the dream world it is worth while to pause and look ahead with joyous anticipation. Colphete did this, for he was not only humorous but poetic. With fond gaze he viewed the Pittsburgh shanty-boat town, which no humorous, poetic absconding bank cashier had ever seen before.

After a time he sauntered up to the floating village, and again sat down on his suit case, close at hand. He sighed with relief. He gave one fleeting glance at the past. He reminded himself of the single regret that he had pretended to have at depriving the Polefat skinflints of their money, and chuckled at the way in which they would accept his departure, and the way in which he was viewing it.

"Say, you wanter buy a shanty-bo't?" a voice rumbled at his elbow.

"Why, I ain't so overly anxious!" Colphete answered, though his heart thumped fiercely with exultation.

"That red shanty there's mine—pine bottom, hemlock stringers, oak carlins, an' matched spruce sidin' —tight an' sound. Hit's a good bo't! I'd sell it for a hundred!"

"Them bow-lines is rotten," Copron nodded judiciously.

"She's got a new stove'n cupboard, and them's the best oars on a shanty-boat on the Ohier River!"

"Um-m. I'll give ye seventy for hit!"

"'Now, say, old fellow, I cayn't sell hit for no seventy! You gin me eighty for hit—."

"No! I'll split the difference, though—seventy-five?"

"Well, all right—you see, I gotter job for the winter. I 'lowed to trip down to Memphis!"

As they bargained, they looked at cabin and hold, bow and stern, cupboard and iron bed. The owner sold it all to the buyer, and when Colphete had the boat in possession, he cast off and floated down the river, down past Pittsburgh Point, into the Ohio and away. He had flung himself over the jumping-off place.

Sitting on the bow of the boat, he counted up the days he had been away from Polefat. He had started on Saturday—Sunday, Monday, Tuesday—this was Wednesday! This was the day. He glanced at his watch—and this was the hour: two o'clock P. M. They were just about getting ready to get down to business. The package, all sealed and fast, was there on the table in the paper mill company's office. There were the sleek attorneys, the smiling, good-fellow president of the paper company, and there was rusty and dusty old Joe Holbet, his gnarled, cracked hands hooking at the papers, and viewing them suspiciously to see that they did not call for more than the land he was selling.

As he floated down, Colphete studied his watch, and reckoned on the time it would take for each move in the big business deal, the biggest cash deal in several years in Polefat. He could almost imagine the exact words, the precise gestures, the whole procedure, and after an hour he gave a little shiver, for now it was time for Old Joe to put down his name—but first he would demand to see the color of his money—the thousand yellow boys, and fifty-dollar gold certificates.

As he thought of the breaking of the seals, as he fancied Old Joe opening the package, he almost laughed out loud. He was sorry that he couldn't see the suspicious old woodsman picking away the covering and untying the knots—he would surely stop to untie the string—and then— and then!

"Oh, gee!" Colphete chuckled and then really laughed aloud, though his voice startled him, and he looked to the river banks, a third of a mile away, and up and down the river—he was far from anybody. None could read his thoughts. Standing up, he looked over the roof of the cabin toward Pittsburgh, whose black aureole was now fading in the distance. He laughed again, unrestrained, and when night came he tied in at a little eddy on the south side of the river, and slept as he had not slept in years.

The plump comfort that a man has when he has been up to some bit of mischief, played a pretty little joke, and got away with it, was his. No dream disturbed him, no uneasiness made him restless. He did not even have a conscientious dread of being caught. He had solved the problem of a clean get-away.

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At dawn he pulled out into the river with the sweeps, and, as he floated, he cooked his breakfast—ham, eggs, potatoes, coffee. He chuckled as he did so. Not one of all the people in Polefat knew that he was an outdoor man, that he was a rough-and-ready sport. For years and years he had concealed his inmost desire. Never once had the name of the Ohio River passed his lips, never a person knew that he was a constant reader of shanty-boat literature; never a man, woman, or child in all the world dreamed that he had ten thousand newspaper clippings about the Mississippi shanty-boats, gleaned from the clipping bureaus under an assumed name! Those clippings and the package of fifty dollar bills were about the only contents of his suit case, for he had gotten rid of everything that might connect him with the past.

Toward night he landed in at Wellsville and bought the Pittsburgh papers for three days back, casually remarking to the newsdealer that he had not seen a paper in two weeks, not since he dropped out of Pittsburgh. This was covering his trail. He bought a few supplies and returned to his boat, and dropped down the river till night was near at hand. Then he landed in another little eddy, tied up, and after supper —navigating the boat and the joy of the river restrained his desire to read—he turned to the newspapers.

He glanced over the first-page headlines, and felt a vague disappointment. There was not a "$50,000 GONE!" in any of the papers. Then he went down through the smaller headlines, wondering if his little business was going to be a mere item in the news of the day. The idea somewhat exasperated him. There was not a line in all the papers that indicated a theft had been discovered. Colphete at last felt a thrill of satisfaction; the bank was going to keep it secret—they were going to fool him! They were going to have a silent pursuit.

"Oh, gee!" Colphete muttered to himself, "what a time they'll have picking up my trail!"

Colphete did not loiter on the way. He shoved down the river at the rate of sixty miles a day, and, when the moon came up and he was in the broader bends and reaches three hundred miles downstream, he gained speed, and on the eighth day he passed Louisville and the falls of the Ohio.

He whistled and sang, and with a little repeating rifle took shots at the migrating ducks—the early fall birds that came as far as the Ohio and then lingered for the frost. He was glad he had taken his vacation in the fall—waiting, in fact, for that chance that had come to him. He had been afraid that he would have to put off his permanent departure for another year.

He bought papers with increasing wonder, for not a whisper had reached them about the stolen money. If he had not been positive that the detectives were picking up the trail—trying to do it!—half the fun of the trip would have been lost. Colphete belonged to that breed of game that enjoys a race for life, and he

"Say, you wanter buy a shanty-bo't?" a voice rumbled at his elbow. "Why, I ain't overly anxious!" Colphete answered, though his heart thumped fiercely with exultation.

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was glad of the race that was worth while, glad of being a fugitive.

Between navigating the shanty-boat and thinking of the pursuit, Colphete was busy all day long. He knew about all there was to know concerning the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. He had read the newspapers and had located every town from Pittsburgh to the Gulf. He had studied the Government List of Post Lights till he knew them and their mileage by heart. He had read histories and clippings till he was familiar with ancient history and recent news as regards the river. It seemed as though he must have been down the river many times before, his dreams had so accurately portrayed the wonders and commonplaces thereof. And yet the actualities were a thousand-fold more novel than the best of his dreams.

As to navigating the shanty-boat, it was no more than rowing a huge skiff with a cabin on it, and it was the most glorious camping out that Colphete had ever dreamed of! It would be useless and unnecessary to go into the details of the joyous abandon to the fugitive as he whooped away toward the Mississippi Bottoms.

Once in a while, in the evening, he would pick out the heavy package and turn it over in his hands and then put it back again. He had plenty of spare change, and it would be best not to begin to scatter the fifty-dollar bills. He could not tell in how many thousand banks the cashiers were on the lookout for that particular series of fifty-dollar bills. He spent his evenings reading the old clippings.

The ecstasy of it all! There he was in the gently rocking cabin-boat, reading those items which had thrilled his heart with river hunger for a dozen years, listening to the lapping of the waves and the silence of the wide river in the lonesome bends.

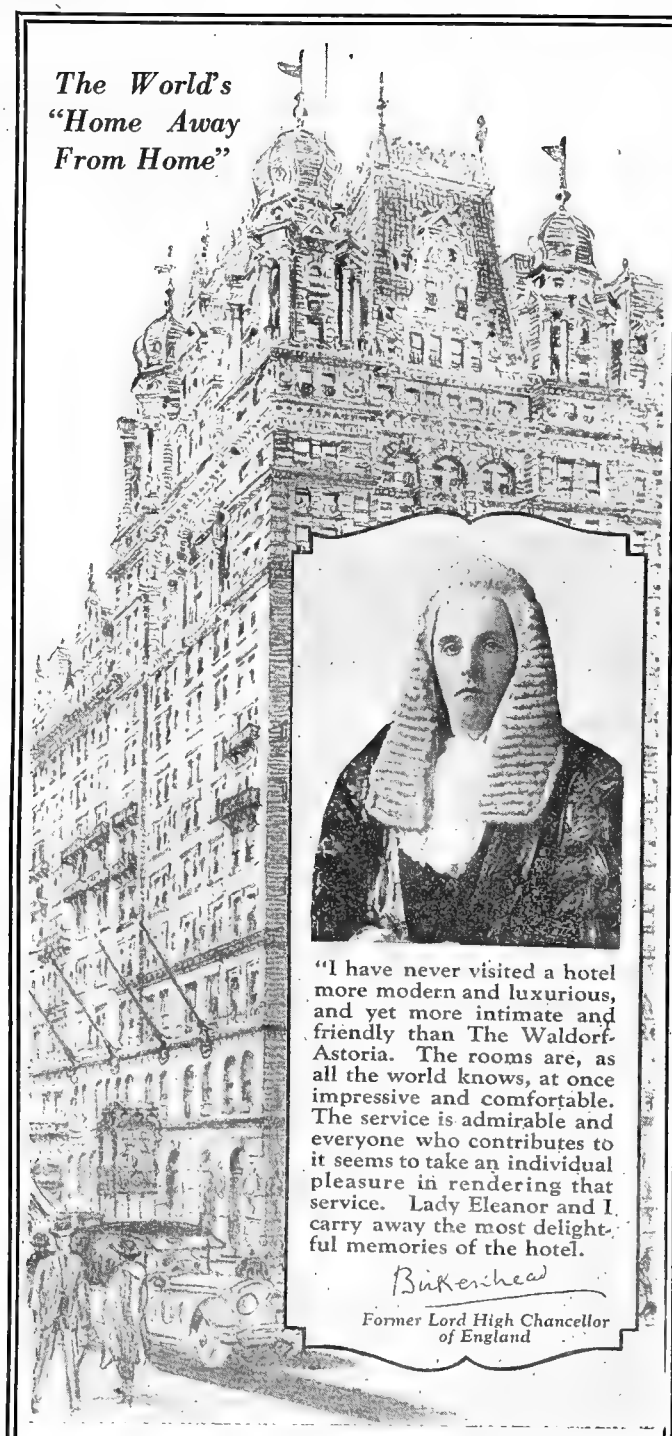
In the darkness, after the moon went down, he would stare at the river lights, and he would gaze all day long at the banks moving past him—stone bluffs, cornfields, patches of woods and mouths of creeks and rivers—towns and cities and farms and ferry landings.

Once or twice there was a catch in his heart. This was his freedom—and, after this full breath of it, suppose he should be caught! There was a whiff of raw chill in that thought—he sensed the coldness of a steel cell and a stone floor, the march of guards who held him there relentlessly through the long years. He knew what it was to be locked in; he had not been in the bank's cage with the key turned for twenty years for nothing. He had never gotten over that feeling that in the bank cage he was a prisoner, and now his flight was flight from the cage—flight to freedom!

When he passed Louisville he counted up the days of his vacation. He had left on Saturday, and this was Wednesday a week. He had till Monday morning to get back! He smiled grimly at that thought—with what eagerness they were all waiting for him back there in Polefat! With what a rush they would come to seize him! With what smiles of satisfaction they would hang on to him!

It was Saturday when he started to read the newspapers he had purchased at Louisville! He had made up his mind that it was a race without tongue, and he was more satisfied than he had been before. They knew he was a shrewd man, and they had told no

(*Continued on page* 64)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Crime and Chemistry

A Scientific Forecast Showing That There Will Be 10,000 Murders And Over 11,000 Suicides in This Country in 1925

By Harold Bolce

WHAT is of profound significance in the conclusion that the criminal is insane and may be cured by chemistry is that it is based on the complex but undisputed knowledge that man is a compound of chemicals. Our entire physical being, including the transcendent structure of the brain, could not be more of a chemical product if it were precipitated in retorts and test-tubes in a laboratory.

Lavoisier, Metchnikoff, Lister, Sir William Ramsay, or an Alexander Smith, were he able to create the marvel, man, out of chemicals, would have to use the oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, calcium, phosphorus, potassium, chlorine, magnesium, iron, iodine, silicon, etc. which make up man's material being.

There is the ever-baffling element of energy in the form of mind, or spirit, but even this functions through chemical forces. There are fifteen essential chemical elements in man. This is true whether he is sane, insane, or criminal. From birth to death, those fifteen chemical elements, in waking hours and in sleep, pulsate his being. Sometimes, they flow peacefully. Sometimes, they are stirred by unseen causes. Poe's troop of echoes, whose duty was "but to sing in voices of surpassing beauty, the wit and wisdom of their King," gave way, in the same mind, to the things of evil, sorrow and insanity, whose symbols he faultlessly describes.

At times, possibly always, to some degree, the chemical stream in man, is toxic with the wrong food, the wrong drink, the wrong thought or the unhappy inheritance. But always the tidal wave in man, tending toward tragedy, is superinduced by chemical change. It has long been known that all mental phenomena is attended by chemical reaction. This is disclosed by numberless laboratory tests. Every emotion has its odor. In no two individuals and no two times in the life of any one individual is the exact chemical property of the perspiration alike.

It is the same chemical energy, functioning in similar muscular activity, but under vastly different control, that rocks the cradle and that strangles the babe.

Ruskin said that every chemical scientist could express in its essential formula that a maiden's blush was made possible through the presence of iron in the blood. The same element makes itself apparent when we say the defendant saw red and committed the crime. In other words, the blush and the brainstorm have a chemical origin.

The new science that bases the whole curative treatment of man, no matter what that treatment may be, on the fundamental and unchallenged truth that we are chemical beings, does not deny any of the implications of philosophy or religion. What Lucretius half discovered before Freud and Jung and the ensuing fellowship of psychoanalysts have put into formulae, simply emphasize complexes growing out of the chemical composition of man. In its embodiment, the cosmic urge itself is chemical!

The Egyptian priests singing over the insane, effecting cures, it is said, is based upon the proof that cures are possible through their effect on the chemical being of man. Therefore, modern chemistry, allied with expert study of the insane and the criminal, is simply a new way of asserting that sanity, to be made permanent in any life, must be preceded and attended by control of the chemical elements of the body.

Police departments throughout the United States are interested in the announcement made in November, 1924, by Dr. C. Floyd Haviland, Chairman of the N. Y. State Hospital Commission that a $1,500,000 Psychiatric Institute and Hospital for the study and cure of insanity and the training of specialists in this field was under way. This institution, which will function in mental hygiene as the Rockefeller Institute does in general medical research, will be under the auspices of the State of New York, but will he housed in the $30,000,000 medical center jointly established by Columbia College and the Presbyterian Hospital with affiliated hospitals, on the site of the old American League ball park, Washington Heights, 165th Street and Broadway, N. Y. City. A part of that park has been deeded and dedicated permanently to the institution for the study and treatment of the insane.

There has existed for some time, as in other states, a N. Y. State Psychiatric Institute but it has been housed on Ward's Island with the State Hospital, and the quarters there became inadequate. Dr. Thomas W. Salmon, psychiatrist and neurologist was quoted as saying that "in New York State one out of every ten persons" reaching adult life goes ultimately to an asylum for the insane. He believes that the systematic study of insanity at a great college center will be among the most effective attacks thus far inaugurated against mental derangements with their toll of tragedy.

Dr. George H. Kirby, Director of the State Psychiatric Institute, says that the new building, which will have 150 beds for patients under observation and facilities in the medical centre out-patient department for treating hundreds of others mentally unbalanced, will be peculiarly effective in making possible great extension in the researches into the causes of insanity and crime.

Discoveries will be made available to other medical educational institutions. Plans already are being de-

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veloped for the new institute, Sullivan W. Jones, State Architect, and Dr. Kirby, inspecting, for that purpose, psychiatric hospitals in Baltimore, Boston and Washington. The most desirable features of the several institutions will be applied. Progress since Lombroso began his famous experiments and studies into insanity and crime has attended the researches of the experts. Nothing has been lacking except endowments to carry the discoveries to the many suffering, consciously or unconsciously, some phase of mania. The development of the new medical center in New York is to include provision for a neurological institute and hospital, to be closely associated with the Psychiatric Institute, these specialized hospitals where insanity included, of course, criminal insanity will be treated, at last, as a malady subject to medical relief, to be part of the total investment of $30,000,000.

The exceptional enthusiasm with which this announcement was received has been followed by the news of several similar institutions both developing and planned, to get at the causes of insanity, and if possible effect cures.

It is announced that land has been acquired at Bronx Boulevard and 236th Street, N. Y. City, for the erection of a $2,500,000 neuropathic hospital for the treatment of insanity particularly in its incipient stages. It is to be modeled, it is stated, on the plan of the Clinic of St. Anne in Paris, patients to be accepted on their own application, the treatment to cease when the patient so desires.

It is not claimed that the ideas in these programs aimed at the cure of insanity and the resultant decrease of crime, are new. Charles Lamb and his sister, Mary, went voluntarily to the asylum when the symptoms of approaching mania were realized. What is new both in regard to the Psychiatric Institute and the neuropathic hospitals is that science finally has obtained funds and freedom to attack insanity and crime just as it has fought the hook worm, yellow fever and bubonic plague. The statement was published at the time the announcement of the Psychiatric Institute and Neuropathic Hospital was made that there are not fewer than 200,000 people in the metropolitan community of New York who represent incipient cases of insanity. They are classified as border-line people whose intellectual or emotional stamina is likely to make them eventual mental derelicts or insane criminals, unless given proper treatment, which includes protection or fortification against whatever mania or phobia that may be creeping upon them.

In such a campaign the police departments of all American communities have a common interest. According to the census taken by the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, N. Y. City, there were on June 1, 1890, in various institutions in the United States 106,485 patients with mental diseases. That was at the rate of 170 to 100,000 of population. Four years later there were 150,151 such patients, representing 183.6 to every 100,000 inhabitants. By 1910 the number of people mentally afflicted had grown to 187,791 or 204.2 to 100,000 and by January 1, 1920 the total was 232,680 patients in asylums for the insane, representing 220.1 people mentally deranged out of every 100,000 of population. It will be seen that the insane are increasing not only in numbers, which could be explained by the increase in population, but also in the proportion to the sane, the rate has risen from 170 in

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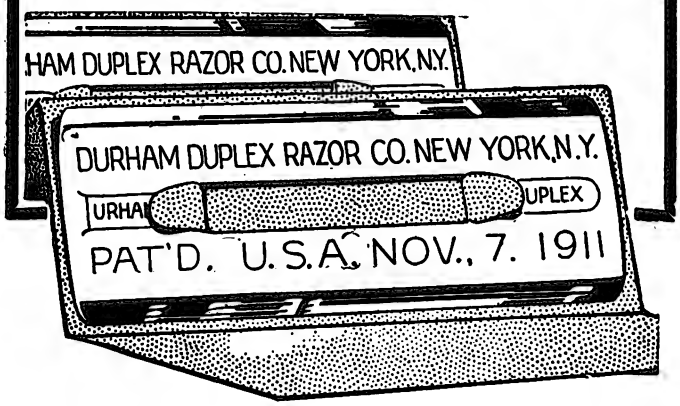

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100,000 in 1890 to 220 thirty years later (in 1920).

In that year the mental patients admitted to 72 state hospitals were classified thus:

Mental Disorders	Total	Single	Married	Divorced
Senile	2,477	364	838	41
With cerebral arterio-sclerosis	1,362	189	684	17
General paralysis	2,188	485	1,354	73
Alcoholic	474	185	228	11
Manic-depressive	3,338	1,108	1,874	59
Involution melancholia	625	127	385	13
Dementia praecox	5,749	3,501	1,780	110
Paranoia	496	152	242	18
Epileptic psychoses	565	335	169	15
Psychoneuroses	433	164	224	13
Psycopathic personality	486	289	152	10
Mental deficiency	677	517	118	5
All other phychoses	1,928	540	1,094	34
	20,798	7,956	9,142	419

These figures fall far short of disclosing the full unfortunate quota of insane people in the United States. Suicides recorded in death registration areas, as set forth by the U. S. Bureau of the Census, numbered 9,937 in 1918; 9,732 in 1919; 8,590 in 1920 and 11,136 in 1921. The total number of suicides in the U. S. for the period 1917 to 1921 was 37,106 males and 12,174 females. The greatest number of male suicides was by means of firearms, the greatest number of females, by poison. Usually the verdict at the coroner's inquest is that the suicide came to his death while of unsound mind. There is little doubt that most people who take their lives are in some way insane. The contemplated and definite campaign, therefore, to study and so far as possible prevent insanity assumes larger scope as the subject is examined.

A careful survey of the suicides recorded for the period 1917 to 1921 inclusive, the total number, as shown, being nearly 50,000, reveals the pressing importance of the scientific program chrystallizing in the founding of the new Psychiatric and Neuropathic Institutions. The classification of these suicides during the period named was as follows:

SUICIDES IN U. S. 1917-1921 INCLUSIVE.

Method	Male Suicides	Female Suicides	Total
Poison	4,357	3,718	7,075
Asphyxia	3,985	2,582	6,567
Hanging	6,771	1,771	8,542
Drowning	1,885	1,324	3,209
Firearms	15,457	1,953	17,410
Cutting instruments	3,141	459	3,600
Jumping from high places	817	546	1,363
Crushing	405	118	523
Other methods	288	243	531
	37,106	12,714	49,820

Since suicides, as shown, in the death registration areas are increasing, the following forecast for 1925, based on the average for the four years mentioned, is conservative:

Nearly 2,000 people, (1,080 men and 900 women) will commit suicide in 1925 by poison.

Over 1,500 (900 men and 600 women) will kill themselves by inhaling gas.

More than 2,000 desperate people (1,600 men and 400 women) will hang themselves in 1925.

Over 750 unfortunates (470 men and 350 women) will jump off piers and into rivers and otherwise drown themselves.

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During this year, 4,500 people (nearly 4,000 of them male) will blow out their lives with firearms.

800 people in 1925 will stab themselves to death.

Between 500 and 1,000 people will otherwise destroy themselves in 1925, some by jumping from cliffs and tall buildings, others by leaping in front of trains, and a small remnant in ways unclassified.

In addition 10,000 murders will be committed in 1925. This is the annual estimate of homicides, as compiled by Dr. F. L. Hoffman. In the *New York Times* of December 7, Dr. Hoffman, after speaking of the urgent need of an adequate system of Federal judicial statistics corresponding to the series of mortality statistics and the periodical investigation of the divorce problem by the United States Census Office, said:

"My own homicide record is based on death certificates in which deaths from criminal violence are certified to, either medically or by a coroner's inquest. The record of 10,000 murders a year is probably an underestimate of the actual facts. Death certificates in cases of accident leave much to be desired, and there are substantial reasons for believing that many cases are recorded as accidents which should be certified as homicides. It seems, therefore, of the very first importance that there should be an organized national society for the study of crime."

Thus we have as a forecast for 1925 in the two fields of suicide and murder a total of more than 20,000 victims. The police can restrain, safe-guard, warn, watch and in the case of homicides overtake some of the criminals. But the craft of those bent on self-extermination and hosts of others committed to homicide is baffling. It is the cunning of insanity and the remedy is beyond the processes of the law and within the field of psychiatry, biochemistry and all the various forms and formulae of the new therapeutics including suggestion.

The more than 20,000 doomed to die in 1925 by their own hands and at the hands of the homicidal, do not of course compass the tragedy of the insane and the criminal, as is indicated in the tables above.

30,000 insane will die in asylums. Such is the annual average. Of these, 6,000 will be cases of dementia præcox. 13,000 new cases of this form of insanity will be admitted in 1925. That is the annual average. Edith M. Furbush, of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene gives 130,000 as the approximate number of dementia præcox patients now in American asylums and hospitals.

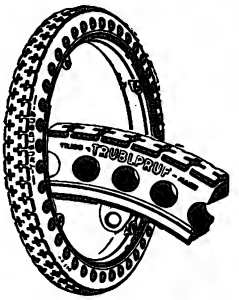
But this number, although constituting 55 per cent of the total of inmates, does not include a great number similarly afflicted who never reach asylums, but survive in the community as loafers, beggers and petty criminals.

The importance of this estimate and conclusion, from a police standpoint is the disclosure that investigators into insanity are agreeing that misdemeanors and murders are alike committed by delinquents who are mentally diseased.

The 232,680 insane people registered in 1921 was matched by approximately 202,545 inmates of penal institutions. Complete statistics are lacking, so that half a million is not an excessive figure at which to fix in mind the total insane plus the total convicted criminals. Whether the latter are likewise insane, as

(*Continued on page* 66)

Go Anywhere Without a Spare



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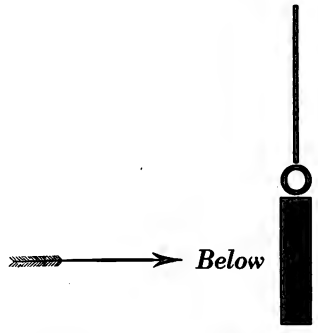

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Do You Encourage Murder?

(*Continued from page* 24)

manufacture wholesale the ready means for the job.

"Don't do anything desperate," we cry, "but see what a nice line of deadly weapons we have for sale and on such easy terms!"

There is not a city in the United States—at least of the first class—that is not under-policed. There is not one of them where crime waves are not sporadically apparent. Not one but misses a few useful citizens in the course of the year because of the sincere operations of the gunmen. It is permitted perhaps to wonder how well the existing police would be able to maintain order were the manufacture of small arms of the revolver type forbidden or suppressed. Naturally a new type of bootlegger would appear, but he would have the same cooperation that his alcoholic brother now receives from the average citizen of the cities. It may be that the leaden bullet is no more dangerous than wood alcohol, but the use of the one hardly possesses the same general appeal as the other.

The revolver traffic is the greatest unrestricted menace to the people of the United States and their safety. Why it should be so is a mystery. Not a police official but realizes that his work and his danger would be more than halved were the traffic eliminated. And all recognize that such laws as that of New York State are weakly palliative. All insist that what is needed is stoppage at the source. Undoubtedly a man with homicidal intent might find other means to his end, but the other means usually give the victims a greater and more sporting chance.

The police are fully aware of the two arch enemies to their labors, and they will frankly tell you that either is tremendously dangerous, but there is no hesitation in their asseveration that the combination of the two is responsible for so many deaths per annum that the people of this land of liberty have cause for shame. The twin abominations are pistols and drugs. The deaths from this evil combination would have wiped out an entire army corps since the war began.

It may be argued that if the crooks illegally possess and carry revolvers it is but fair that the ordinary citizen be permitted to do likewise legally. It is difficult to argue the point. It may be questioned if the victories of the ordinary citizen carrying a gun in conflict with the crook also so equipped are so numerous that much fear has been introduced into the heart of the crook. The result, one must admit, has been that usually the citizen's firearm is removed from him and goes to enrich the armament of crookdom.

Possibly if at the next meeting of the International Conference of Police Chiefs a resolution were drafted and forwarded to President Coolidge, in which it was prayed that legislation forbidding the private manufacture and sale of pistols and revolvers, and making such manufacture the sole prerogative of the government, Congress might see the wisdom of the move. In the meantime the crook and gunman fills himself with cocaine or heroin, packs his "gat" beneath his left armpit and goes blithely to his work, indirectly aided and abetted by the honest manufacturers who display their wares in shop-windows and advertise them thoroughly in our magazines.

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An Interrupted Career

(*Continued from page* 42)

GOLDSTONE. [*Nodding.*] "De Snake" said only von person in de vorld could get avay vid it—and ve haf come to find dat *von person.*

EDITH. [*Earnestly.*] Oh, Mr. Goldstone, please don't accuse Mrs. O'Dowd! I'm sure you're making a mistake.

GOLDSTONE. Ve vill find out, Miss Ponner, ve vill find out.

EDITH. But it's a terrible thing to accuse anyone who's been living an honest life for so long. I didn't understand. I—— don't believe she'd steal, Mr. Goldstone, I'm sure she wouldn't.

MAGGIE. It's a good mind reader you are, Miss. I wouldn't.

GOLDSTONE. I doan trus' in *re*form. She vas de slickes' dip in New York for many, many years—

MAGGIE. You're no gentleman to throw up a lady's past.

GOLDSTONE. Dis is a great loss to Miss Ponner—five thousand dollars alretty—so I haf been to de authorities and got a permit to search dese rooms. [*Produces paper.*]

EDITH. Mr. Goldstone, I don't think it's fair! Mrs. O'Dowd isn't at all like the person you described her to be.

MAGGIE. [*Indignantly*] Has he dared to describe me?

EDITH. I'm sure you're wrong, Mr. Goldstone. You know the police all said kind things about her today. You're making a mistake, I'm sure of that. Please, let's go. [*She speaks with a quiet, refined intonation.*]

GOLDSTONE. Vait a minute, my dear lady, vait a minute, doan get misled. Vonce a tief, *alvays a tief!* I vill search dis place. [*Lays aside hat and prepares to make search.*]

EDITH. [*To Maggie.*] I'm so sorry, Mrs. O'Dowd. [*As Goldstone approaches cupboard Maggie bursts forth angrily.*]

MAGGIE. A nice way to come and insult a decent workin' woman! Why couldn't you give the hones' person what found the jool a chanct to return it, instid of gettin' your permits to search the respectable home of a poor widder? "Three hundred dollars and no questions askt," is *bound* to bring the jool back! You'd oughter know that—

GOLDSTONE. [*Interrupts.*] Ho, ho! How do *you* know 'bout dot tree hunnerd dollars and no questions askit?

MAGGIE. [*Somewhat confused.*] I—I—I seen it in the Evening Telegram—jus' casual like, you may say.

GOLDSTONE. [*Angrily.*] Now listen!—you vas pretty cute, but I ain't gonna take no foolishness, chunnerstan'? You got dat diamond pendon! You got it here, here in *dis room!* Do I get it vidout trouble, or—do

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I call in de *police* at vonce? [*Knock on door is heard.*]

MAGGIE. [*Fiercely.*] Are you puttin' over a job on me? You sneak!

GOLDSTONE. Vhat iss it a job, you mean?

MAGGIE. [*Makes gesture toward door.*] With the bulls, outside there.

GOLDSTONE. [*Raises hand.*] No, no, on my honner! [*Knock is repeated.*]

MAGGIE. To hell with your honor! Come in! [*Father Dillon returns.*]

FATHER DILLON. [*Hesitates at door.*] Oh, I didn't know you had company, my daughter—

GOLDSTONE. [*Laughs.*] Not vairy good company, I don't tink.

FATHER DILLON. [*Closes door and comes forward.*] What's the trouble.

GOLDSTONE. Mrs. O'Dowd is under suspicion, and I have a permit to search dis place. [*A pause.*]

FATHER DILLON. Suspicion of what?

GOLDSTONE. Stealin'. Stealin' a diamond pendon, from dis here lady.

FATHER DILLON. Impossible! You've made a mistake.

EDITH. Of course he has. I said so from the first.

GOLDSTONE. Vorth *five-tousand-dollars!*

FATHER DILLON. Maggie, who's this man?

MAGGIE. He's no frien' of mine.

GOLDSTONE. I'm a detecatif.

MAGGIE. It's a bum profession!

FATHER DILLON. But Maggie O'Dowd is above suspicion these days.

EDITH. You hear, Mr. Goldstone? I'd rather lose the pendant than accuse an honest woman falsely. Here is her confessor, he should know her.

GOLDSTONE. [*With decision.*] Please Miss Ponner, let me conduct dis case. [*To Maggie.*] Vill you produce de jool, or do I make de search? Come, I gif you von minute to tink it over.

FATHER DILLON. Maggie, is this true? [*A pause.*]

MAGGIE. It's true that I got the lady's jool—

GOLDSTONE. [*Triumphantly.*] Vat did I say?

FATHER DILLON. [*Sadly.*] Oh, Maggie!

MAGGIE. But I didn't steal it.

FATHER DILLON. Thank God for that!

MAGGIE. I ain't stole nothin' since I promised you, Father Dillon.

FATHER DILLON. [*Relieved.*] I was sure of it!

MAGGIE. I'm runnin' square; the *police* knows it, and you know it too, your riverence.

FATHER DILLON. I do, my child, I do.

GOLDSTONE. [*With sarcasm.*] Vell, go get de diamond pendon dat you *didn't steal.* [*Maggie takes down a covered dish from cupboard shelf and extracts a gorgeous diamond lavalliere, then crosses to Edith.*

MAGGIE. Here it is, Miss; I was gonna return it tomorrow.

EDITH. [*Gratefully.*] Oh, thank you, thank you so much. Where did you find it?

MAGGIE. [*A slight pause.*] I'd as lief not tell, Miss.

FATHER DILLON. Are you shielding someone, Maggie?

GOLDSTONE. She's lyin'! She stole it! She followed Miss Ponner, and vhen she got a good chanct she unhookt de ketch of dat chain and lifted it. She's lyin'! Look at her now—she's lyin', she's lyin'!

MAGGIE. [*Angrily.*] Well, if I did lift it, I didn't steal it! The young lady's got it back and—

FATHER DILLON. [*Distressedly.*] After a year, is it possible you have again fallen under temptation?

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Oh, Maggie, Maggie O'Dowd! I wouldn't have thought it.

MAGGIE. It ain't true, Father, I didn't steal it.

GOLDSTONE. You vas caught mit-de-goods.

MAGGIE. I was gonna take it back to the young lady tomorrow and get the *re*ward. That's what I always do. I don't never keep nothin' I pinch these days, *nothin'!*

FATHER DILLON. Nothing you pinch? Do you mean that you make a practice of taking things and then returning them for the reward?

MAGGIE. I do. I always return 'em; don't keep *nothin'!* I wouldn't steal, Father.

FATHER DILLON. But Maggie, don't you see it's all wrong?

MAGGIE. How can it be wrong? They gets back their property and I gets the *re*ward. I don't bother pinchin' things from the small fry—jus' swell dressers; rich actresses and—[*Gestures towards Edith*] *her kind.*

EDITH. I can't understand how you could have—have taken this without my knowing it. Why, there's an extra guard on the clasp.

MAGGIE. [*Nodding.*] I was noticin' that, Miss.

EDITH. Where was I when you—?

MAGGIE. Fifth Avenue, Miss.

EDITH. But what could I have been doing?

MAGGIE. You stopped to look in a store window.

EDITH. Oh!

MAGGIE. I stopped too, Miss; that's all.

GOLDSTONE. [*To Edith.*] See? I tole you, vonce a tief, always a tief. [*Laughs.*]

FATHER DILLON. [*Sadly.*] And is there no laundry work at all, Maggie?

MAGGIE. Sure there's a little laundry work I carry on the side. But it's jobs like this what's give me the tidy bank account, I got.

FATHER DILLON. [*Horrified.*] Bank account!

MAGGIE. Sure. I'm savin' up, Father. Terence is gonna have a grand eddication. I want him to be a priest, maybe, some day, a *bishop!* [*She says this proudly.*]

GOLDSTONE. [*Laughs.*] So you doan call yourself a tief, eh?

MAGGIE. I don't steal nothin', I tell you! Whenever I make a lift I buy all the papers next day and looks through the *Lost and Founds.* See? I never even kick when the *re*wards is small; jus' turns over the goods, hands down, and says "thank you."

GOLDSTONE. Vell, hones' lady, vhen de party you pinches from doan advairtize; vhat den, eh?

MAGGIE. I waits two days, and if a *re*ward ain't offered, what do I do, says you? I goes down in me own pocket and pays for a ad in the *Founds,* pays for it meself, see? If that ain't hones', I wanter know.

FATHER DILLON. Oh, you poor, poor dear sinner!

GOLDSTONE. Vell, Miss Ponner, vhat iss it you vant me to do nex'?

EDITH. Why, nothing more, Mr. Goldstone, thank you.

GOLDSTONE. But you must send some report to de office, Miss Ponner, make some complain to de police—

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EDITH. Certainly not. Why annoy Mrs. O'Dowd? I have recovered the jewel and you shall be well paid for your trouble. I wish the matter dropped, please.

GOLDSTONE. [*At door.*] Vell, you can do as you please, my dear lady, but for me, I vill tell dis to de bulls. I promise Mrs. O'Dowd I vill tell de cops she is at her old tricks again. [*Laughs softly.*]

MAGGIE. [*Angrily.*] Aw, you! If you hadn't come buttin' in with what didn't concern you, I'd got me three hundred dollars' *re*ward, tomorrow.

FATHER DILLON. [*Quickly.*] God bless my soul!

MAGGIE. That's what *I* say! [*Goldstone exits chuckling. Maggie crosses to Edith.*] You may think I was gonna steal the jool, Miss. You're wrong. I was gonna return it tomorrow and get the *re*ward, that's all. And that's the truth.

EDITH. [*Takes roll of bills from handbag.*] I want you to take this. It's—it's for your boy, Terence, that you want to be a priest.

MAGGIE. [*Looks at money.*] Three hundred dollars! The full amount of the *re*ward! Ah, now Miss, it's too much, but I thank you.

EDITH. I know the East Side. I was born down here. When I was a kid I often went barefooted in Winter, and many a time I've gone hungry to bed. All I had was a pretty face. [*Smiles.*] Well, it comes easy now. Don't you worry about what you did. I understand.

MAGGIE. [*Still looking at money in hand.*] I didn't mean no harm, Miss.

EDITH. Of course you didn't. Good luck to you—and the money's for your boy. [*Father Dillon turns his back and clears throat meaningly.*]

FATHER DILLON. A-hem! A-hem! [*Maggie fingers bills longingly, looks at Father Dillon, then back at money. Edith prepares to leave.*]

EDITH. It's getting late. I must be going. [*Moves toward door.*]

FATHER DILLON. Ahem!

MAGGIE. [*Hesitates a second longer, then surrenders.*] No, wait a minute, Miss! You— you must take back the money! I—I—I can't keep it. [*Proffers bills to Edith.*]

EDITH. Why not?

MAGGIE. [*Swallows hard.*] Because—because—Oh, Miss, Father Dillon's right! Liftin' things and takin' *re*wards is just plain stealin'. Here I am, holdin' this money in me hands, and seein' meself in a true light for the first time. If I take it, there ain't no *re*form. It's hard to understand Miss, but I'm gonna run on the level if I can. So, you see, I can't take the *re*ward, not even—not even for Terence.

FATHER DILLON. [*Still with back to audience.*] Glory be!

EDITH. [*Refuses money.*] Nonsense! I want you to have it!

MAGGIE. No, Miss, thank you; you must take it back. [*A slight pause.*]

EDITH. [*Taking bills.*] All right, Mrs. O'Dowd, you know best. Good night.

MAGGIE. Good night, Miss. [*Edith exits.*] Three hundred dollars gone out of me life—just like that! Wasn't she the blessed lamb, now?

FATHER DILLON. Blessed lamb! I thought you said that young woman was a —

MAGGIE. [*Interrupting.*] Of course she is! But listen Father Dillon; I'm tellin' you and I know; when

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it comes to a swell hand out, or real charity, it's always the *bad ones* what's the *good ones*.

FATHER DILLON. Well, you'll stick to your tubs now, Maggie O'Dowd; there's no temptation in clean hot suds.

MAGGIE. [*Laughs.*] I'm thinkin' I'll marry Roundsman Dugan, Father, and then I'll have a cop right in the family to learn me the law.

CURTAIN

The Last Match

(*Continued from page* 13)

brought him back into the reality of things. The sergeant stumbled and fell in a drift, and Billy fell over him.

For a moment the two men sat half buried in the snow, looking at each other without speaking. Brokaw moved first. He rose to his feet with an effort. Billy made an attempt to follow him. After three efforts he gave it up, and blinked up into Brokaw's face with a queer laugh. His laugh was almost soundless. There had come a change in Brokaw's face. Its determination and confidence were gone. At last the iron mask of the Law was broken, and there shone through it something of the emotions and the brotherhood of man. He was fumbling in one of his pockets, and drew out the key to the handcuffs. It was a small key, and he held it between his stiffened fingers with difficulty. He knelt down beside Billy. The keyhole was filled with snow. It took a long time—ten minutes—before the key fitted in and the lock clicked. He helped to tear off the cuffs. Billy felt no sensation as bits of skin and flesh came with them. Brokaw gave him a hand, and assisted him to rise. For the first time he spoke.

"Guess you've got me beat, Billy," he said. "Where's the Indian's?"

He drew his automatic pistol from its holster and tossed it in the snowdrift. The shadow of a smile passed grmily over his face. Billy looked about him. They had stopped where the frozen path of a smaller stream joined the creek. He raised one of his stiffening arms and pointed to it.

"Follow that creek—four miles—and you'll come to Indian Joe's shack," he said.

"And a mile is just about our limit."

"Just about—yours," replied Billy. "I can't make another half. If we had a fire—"

"*If*—" wheezed Brokaw.

"If we had a fire," continued Billy. We could warm ourselves, an' make the Indian's shack easy, couldn't we?"

Brokaw did not answer. He had turned toward the creek when one of Billy's pulseless hands fell heavily on his arm.

"Look here, Brokaw?"

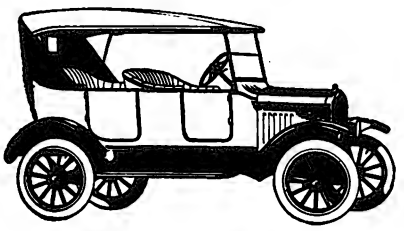
Brokaw turned. They looked into each other's eyes.

"I guess mebby you're a man, Brokaw," said Billy quietly. "You've done what you thought was your duty. You've kept your word to th' Law, an' I believe you'll keep your word with me. If I say the word that'll save us now will you go back to the headquarters an' report me dead?"

For a full half minute their eyes did not waver.

Then Brokaw said:

"No."



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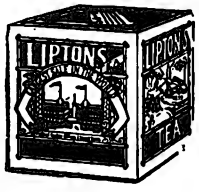

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Billy dropped his hand. It was Brokaw's hand that fell on his arm now.

"I can't do that," he said. "In ten years I ain't run out the white flag once. It's something that ain't known in the service. There ain't a coward in it, or a man who's afraid to die. But I'll play you square. I'll wait until we're both on our feet again, and then I'll give you twenty-four hours the start of me."

Billy was smiling now. His hand reached out. Brokaw's met it, and the two joined in a grip that their numb fingers scarcely felt.

"Do you know," said Billy softly, "there's been somethin' runnin' in my head ever since we left the burning cabin. It's something my mother taught me: 'Do unto others as you'd have others do unto you.' I'm a damn fool, ain't I? But I'm goin' to try the experiment, Brokaw, an' see what comes of it. I could drop in a snowdrift an' let you go on—to die. Then I could save myself. But I'm going to take your word—an' do the other thing. *I've got a match.*"

"*A match!*"

"Just one. I remember dropping it in my pants pocket yesterday when I was out on the trail. It's in *this* pocket. Your hand is in better shape than mine. Get it."

Life had leaped into Brokaw's face. He thrust his hand into Billy's pocket, staring at him as he fumbled, as if fearing that he had lied. When he drew his hand out the match was between his fingers.

"Ah!" he whispered excitedly.

"Don't get nervous," warned Billy. "It's the only one." Brokaw's eyes were searching the low timber along the shore.

"There's a birch tree," he cried. "Hold it—while I gather a pile of bark!"

He gave the match to Billy, and staggered through the snow to the bank. Strip after strip of the loose bark he tore from the tree. Then he gathered it in a heap in the shelter of a low-hanging spruce and added dry sticks, and still more bark, to it. When it was ready he stood with his hands in his pockets, and looked at Billy.

"If we had a stone, an' a piece of paper—" he began.

Billy thrust a hand that felt like lifeless lead inside his shirt, and fumbled in a pocket he had made there. Brokaw watched him with red, eager eyes. The hand reappeared, and in it was the buckskin wrapped photograph he had seen the night before. Billy took off the buckskin. About the picture there was a bit of tissue paper. He gave this and the match to Brokaw.

"There's a little gun-file in the pocket the match came from," he said. "I had it mending a trap-chain. You can scratch the match on that."

He turned so that Brokaw could reach into the pocket, and the man-hunter thrust in his hand. When he brought it forth he held the file. There was a smile on Billy's frost-bitten face as he held the picture for a moment under Brokaw's eyes. Billy's own hands had ruffled up the girl's shining curls an instant before the picture was taken, and she was laughing at him when the camera clicked.

"It's all up to her, Brokaw," Billy said gently. "I told you last night. It was she who woke me up before the fire got us. If you ever prayed—pray a little now. *For she's going to strike that match!*"

He still looked at the picture as Brokaw knelt beside the pile he had made. He heard the scratch of the match on the file, but his eyes did not turn. The liv-

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ing, breathing face of the most beautiful thing in the world was speaking to him from out of that picture. His mind was dazed. He swayed a little. He heard a voice, low and sweet, and so distant that it came to him like the faintest whisper. "I am coming—I am coming, Billy—coming—coming—coming—"A joyous cry surged up from his soul, but it died on his lips in a strange gasp. A louder cry brought him back to himself for a moment. It was from Brokaw. The sergeant's face was terrible to behold. He rose to his feet, swaying, his hands clutched at his breast. His voice was thick—hopeless.

"The match—went—out—"

He staggered up to Billy, his eyes like a madman's. Billy swayed dizzily. He laughed, even as he crumpled down in the snow. As if in a dream he saw Brokaw stagger off on the frozen trail. He saw him disappear in his hopeless effort to reach the Indian's shack. And then a strange darkness closed him in, and in that darkness he heard still the sweet voice of his wife. It spoke his name again and again, and it urged him to wake up—wake up—*wake up!* It seemed a long time before he could respond to it. But at last he opened his eyes. He dragged himself to his knees, and looked first to find Brokaw. But the man-hunter had gone—forever. The picture was still in his hand. Less distinctly than before he saw the girl smiling at him. And then—at his back—he heard a strange and new sound. With an effort he turned to discover what it was.

The match had hidden from Brokaw's eyes an unseen spark. From out of the pile of fuel was rising a pillar of smoke and flame.

Uniformed Police of Rome

(*Continued from page* 27)

such act. Most of this work falls upon the detective.

One of the tasks which in part falls to his lot is what is known as "the special vigilance of public safety." This has no counterpart in American laws. It is not a period of probation given as a reward—quite the contrary! It is probation, right enough, but it is inflicted as a supplementary sentence, to be served after the criminal leaves his place of detention. To this end there are ten commandments which the released convict must observe with rigid exactitude, as follows:

First, he must find a steady job and stick to it.

Second, he must not move from one dwelling to another without permission.

Third, he must not stay up late at night, nor leave his dwelling in the morning earlier than a time specified by the police.

Fourth, he must have no weapons in his possession and no instrument capable of ready use as a weapon.

Fifth, he must not frequent brothels, taverns or the like.

Sixth, neither must he frequent theatres or public assemblages of any sort.

Seventh, he must not associate with people of low character.

Eighth, his own conduct must be above suspicion.

Ninth, he must not fail to report to the police on the specified days and at any other time when called upon.

Tenth, never to be without his certificate of registration, by which to identify himself.

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This means that the police must keep a watch upon these convicts that can be compared only to that which is kept by the mistress of a young ladies' finishing school over her pupils, with the added difficulty that the convicts are no longer gathered under one roof. Only a part of this task devolves upon the uniformed man.

Primarily, however, the Carabiniero is a fighting man. Every other duty is subordinated to that one. He is trained, fed and rested with this end in view as scientifically as ever were the gladiators of old. In order to enter the corps a young man, after passing numerous tests of various sorts, must undergo a full year of gruelling intensive training at one of the recruit barracks, and at any time during that year he is liable to be thrown into the discard upon showing the slightest indication of unfitness.

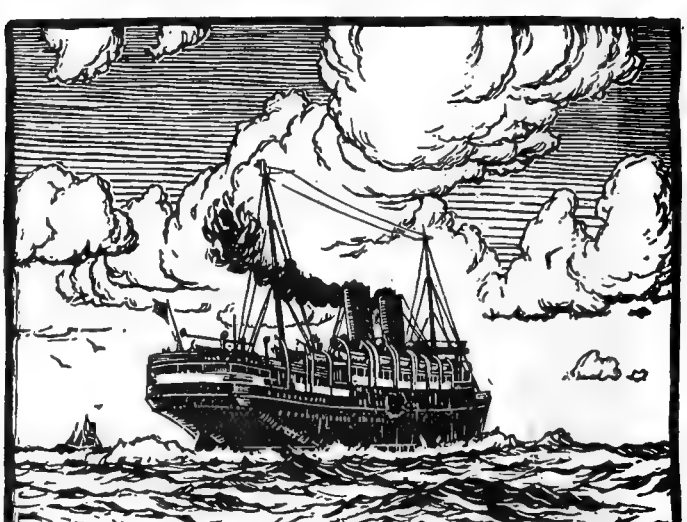
Even so, there is no lack of recruits. The very flower of Italian youth, on the contrary, are apt to cherish enlistment in the Carabinieri as the great ambition of their lives. The work of recruiting for this corps generally resolves itself into a task of carefully hand-picking the best from among many excellent applicants. The training barracks in Rome, which is one of several, never has less than two thousand probationers under instruction, and frequently there are half as many more.

Why is this corps so popular? The question is a fair one, and the answer is easily given; but whether it is as easily understood is another matter, depending upon the turn of mind of him who reads it.

The Carabinieri, of course, are sure of respected positions in the primes of their lives and of pensions to maintain them in old age, but the same is true of practically all government employees. The perquisites which accrue to the Royal Carabinieri and to no other corps are these:

They are officially recognized not only as fighting men, but as *the* fighting men of Italy. On parade, the right of line is theirs. If there is a guard of honor, men of his corps are detailed for the purpose. On the march they head the column. Above all, when in time of war there is a particularly gilt-edged, fire-proof, death-spitting pocket of hell to be carried, it is their right to fling themselves into that pocket.

Those are the privileges which they so joyfully devote their lives to maintaining.



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"I brought Tim Collins along to vouch for my character, Miriam", Jim explained.

Circumstantial Evidence

(*Continued from page* 19)

Her letter had been written in desperation that night, but as the time of the meeting drew near, it was all she could do to force herself to go through with it.

She remembered how she had been immediately impressed with his kindliness. She had stated her case frankly and he, in his turn, had told her that his business kept him out so much at night that he never had any time to meet girls of the right type and, since he was anxious to have a home, he had thought of this advertisement as a possible means, for he felt sure that there must be plenty of nice girls in the big city who were as lonely as he.

When Miriam had told him about Julie he made no objection. "I always was crazy about kids and she will be company for you while I am away", he had said.

After a week's trial of friendship they married and a new life had opened for Miriam, which had contained more happiness than she had ever believed possible—until this horrible discovery.

* * *

The long stairs leading to her old room seemed endless to Miriam as she toiled slowly up after a day of fruitless job-hunting. It began to look as though she would have to apply for her old factory work—the thought seemed almost more than she could bear.

"Will Jim be coming tonight sis?" inquired Julie, as soon as Miriam entered the room. "He will hate this shabby, dark, old room I know. I have been longing all day to be back in our sweet little apartment again."

"We came away in such a hurry last night kitten that I didn't have time to explain things to you, but we won't be going back to the apartment and we won't be seeing Jim either", she added, vainly trying to fight

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back the tears. "I just left a note to explain things to him, so he would understand when he got home from his trip and found us gone, and now dear, please don't ask me any more questions. Its been a hard day for us both. You just roll into bed while I finish unpacking."

Miriam was arranging the last of their pitifully few belongings around the dingy room when she was interrupted by a loud knock and opened the door to find Jim and a policeman standing there.

"He has been caught and they are coming to get me as a witness," flashed through her mind.

"Well I guess the trail ends here Collins", said Jim with a confident smile. "But you might wait around in case we need an extra hand with the suitcases. I have a feeling there may be some moving a little later in the evening", he added with a wink.

"I brought Tim Collins along to vouch for my character, Miriam", Jim explained. "She found that bag of tools we seized in the Hotchkiss case, Tim, and it made her think I was a crook."

"You see Mrs. Freyer your husband has landed some pretty tough ones in the last few months and if it doesn't mean a nice fat promotion, I'm no guesser. That Goshen murder has had the whole Force stumped for over seven months and Mr. Freyer hadn't had his car in for two days before they got action."

"That's laying it on pretty thick, Tim", interrupted Freyer. "You see Miriam I was forced to keep mum until I cleaned up this last little mess over in Goshen, but I was intending to explain the whole thing to you when I got back tonight and I can do it right here if you will let Tim dig up a taxi for us all to get home in."

Miriam's answer was muffled in the thick folds of her husband's overcoat.

O'Malley's Christmas

(*Continued from page* 15)

been left behind in their hurry to escape apprehension.

"And I'm hungry," continued Annie.

"Oh, you are, are you?" Big Jim led the way toward a patrol box. "Well, now, we'll take you down to the station-house and——"

He paused thoughtfully.

"What did you say your name was—Annie?"

"Yeth."

"I have a better plan." He bundled the child up in his arms and started up Thirtieth street.

"You ain't goin' to take me to the Police Station, are you?" inquired Annie.

Big Jim patted the child. "We'll see about that later." Annie, reassured, snuggled up to him to keep warm and it seemed that O'Malley's ruddy face softened as he held the child a bit tighter.

* * * *

"Mother," said Big Jim, as he entered the warm living-room of the O'Malley domicile with his precious human bundle, "we've got company for Christmas—and her name is Annie."

Mrs. O'Malley's kindly Celtic face lit up and she gave her husband a warm look that carried complete understanding.

"Well," she said, "and I was just wonderin' who it

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was that was goin' to eat that fine chocolate cake I'm just after baking."

"O-o-h!" said Annie, and her eyes bulged.

And while the child made amazing inroads into a four-layer mountain of pastry, hesitating only now and then for a breath and a gulp of creamy milk, Mother and Big Jim looked on tenderly.

"And where is your mother, dear?" asked Mrs. O'Malley.

"Ain't got none." Annie took another speech-stifling bite of cake.

"What's your last name?"

"Mallory."

Big Jim frowned. "My God, Mother! She's Bill Mallory's kid. The boys got him in that gun fight the other night. That gang must have left her on the docks purposely."

Mrs. O'Malley turned and went into the living-room, motioning to Jim to follow her. They left Annie to her chocolate cake. Opening the door of the closet, Mother disclosed two massive boxes—reminders of another Christmas. One contained tinsel, fancy painted bulbs and all the accoutrements of a Christmas tree; the other dolls, a miniature baby carriage, a set of toy dishes, a bonnet, a new coat and numberless other things dear to the heart of a child.

"I think I'll be goin' down to Tony's," said Mother, putting on her bonnet and taking her coat. "He had some fine trees to-night. I'll have him bring one up."

"I'll keep the young lady company until you return, coleen," said Jim.

* * * *

Mother O'Malley opened the door cautiously. From the adjoining room she heard her husband's voice.

". . . And he comes in a great big sleigh, driven by a hundred of the fastest reindeers you ever saw. . . ."

Mother advanced silently. She smiled at what she saw. Big Jim was seated in the rocking chair before the fireplace, Annie on his lap with her tiny head resting upon his massive chest.

". . . And he's a fine driver, too. Over the clouds he races at a hundred miles an hour until he comes to the housetops of good little girls. . . ."

Annie nestled closer to him and her eyes closed. Unmindful, Big Jim courageously continued his story, though his head nodded repeatedly.

". . . Then when the little ones are asleep, he slips down the chimney and . . ." Big Jim's head drooped, "and . . ."

He, too, was asleep.

Mother O'Malley smiled and beckoned to Tony to bring in the Christmas tree.

"I guess this place is big enough for another Annie," she said thoughtfully.

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Nemesis In Good Humor

(*Continued from page 47*)

one of the loss of the money. For years the detectives would hang onto his trail—they would never quit, and they would never find him. They would search the capitals of Europe, they would watch the seaports of the Orient, they would scan the faces of the Great White Ways of America. They would never dream of a man with $50,000 not burning the earth with it!

Colphete was not extravagant. All he had desired was plenty of the simple life. His expenses would not be $3 a week; he saw that. His living would take $200 a year, hardly more. In ten or fifteen years he could invest his $47,000 or so in assured dividend-paying stocks and bonds, and grow richer and richer, beyond his utmost avarice. The detectives would never think of looking for a man with $50,000 among the Mississippi River shanty-boaters.

As for Nemesis, Colphete chuckled. His case would prove the exception to the rule that Nemesis always overtakes the thief.

No pleasanter trip was ever enjoyed on the Ohio River than Colphete had. He dropped into Cairo on a Saturday morning. Three miles below was the Mississippi, and he could see it dimly from where he tied his boat to the wharf. He intended to go up to the stores to stock up with a goodly supply of things to eat, and ammunition. It was, however, so early in the morning, and he had floated so much of the previous night, that he was a little lazy. He sat down on the bow of his boat to read a little, and the Louisville papers were on top of his reading matter.

He saw that the coming elections were regarded with interest by the politicians, and that several cities were trying to grow excited over the prospect of reform movements being successful; and he was startled to read. "Bank Cashier Absconds!"

But that bank cashier was down East somewhere, in one of the New England States. Then, on the financial page, he began to read some stock quotations, wondering what stocks and bonds he would buy when it came time to invest. He thought he would better pretend to be a river fisherman or trapper or drifter, and invest a few hundred dollars a year, beginning in three or four years.

He read along comfortably. It was a delight to be so carefree and to feel so rich.

Colphete was almost drowsy over the papers, and then he picked up the Pittsburgh paper which he had purchased at Louisville. It suggested home—suggested the sour old landlady and the bank cage and Polefat—ugh! Suddenly his soul was shaken to the core:

"Promotion for Bank Cashier"

He read the single line of light-face lower case, and then continued with thunderings in his ears:

"Polefat, Sept. 27.—*The directors of the Polefat National Bank today promoted Cashier Copron Colphete to the place made vacant by the resignation of President Densten, who retired from business on his fortieth wedding anniversary last week. Mr. Colphete is at present away on his vacation, and it is thought he will not return until next Monday, as he always takes full advantage of his annual two weeks. Efforts to reach him by telegrams are being made.*"

"Oh, gee! Oh, gee!" Colphete gasped, and then he started to his feet, almost wild-eyed. Then he chuckled.

"By gum!" he muttered, "but those detectives are cute. "That's their trick—they've got that into all the papers so I would see it, and think they didn't suspect about the theft—."

"Hey, you shanty-boater!" a voice sounded from the wharf, and, as he turned, Colphete saw a man waving a yellow envelope at him, "is your name, Copron Colphete?"

"Yes—yeh—" the fugutive gasped, almost staggering back, and answering before he realized what he was saying.

"Well, here's a telegram for you—this here town doesn't allow shanty-boaters to land in here for more than four hours!"

"All right!" Colphete nodded, taking the telegram with trembling fingers.

The telegram was addressed:

"Copron Colphete, in a House-boat!"

It read:

"*President Densten has resigned. You are elected to succeed him. Congratulations.* (Signed) Bostes."

4 0/0

FOR the three months period ending Dec. 31, 1924, our trustees have declared a quarterly dividend at the rate of 4% per annum. One dollar or more will open an account. Our location is convenient or you may use the mail. Start the New Year right.

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"Why—why—" Colphete gasped, his nerve gone, "they know where I am—they're giving me a chance to make good—to save—to save me!"

He staggered into his cabin, shaken as by palsy. He stumbled over to his bunk and drew the suitcase from its hiding place in the hold. He opened the case and stood staring at the yellow sealed package for a long time. Suddenly his eyes bulged and his jaw dropped. He snatched out his pocketknife and slashed the string, and with a wrench broke the seals. Then he tore open the oiled paper. The next instant he began to laugh hysterically; the package contained neatly trimmed strips of green paper and no more. He laughed and cackled, growing more and more calm. By and by he shook with a deep joy. He bundled the stuff all up again, hung a chunk of railroad iron on it, and from the stern of the cabin boat heaved it out into the Ohio tide, where it sank, swirling.

Some shanty-boaters came across to the wharf boat on the ferry, and Colphete sold his outfit for $125, for he was a good business man. Then he took the noon train East and headed for Polefat.

On Monday morning he tramped toward the bank, trying to walk with his old-time mincing step. Bostes greeted him effusively, for Bostes was the new cashier.

"We've been telegraphing all over the country for you—what an odd idea, going down the Ohio in a house-boat! It was thoughtful of you, though, to leave your itinerary with your landlady!"

Colphete nodded, unwilling to trust his voice. He blinked, however, with emotion, which Bostes did not interpret correctly.

That itinerary? Colphete knew he had written it countless times, burning every copy. Slowly out of the dim things in his mind, he remembered the details of that last day, as he awaited the hour of his train. He had written his itinerary once more. His mind then slipped its cog, inevitably. He left this tell-tale slip, and the landlady of course found it immediately.

That night Colphete whispered to himself:

"Gee! But Nemesis played a good—and kind—one on me that time!"

Gentle Hints to Jay-Walkers

Over 32,000 persons were injured last year and 1,000 killed by street accidents. That means one person killed every 14 hours and one injured every 23 minutes.

Never attempt to cross a street with an umbrella over your head, or reading a newspaper.

Cross streets at crossings only. Watch for the policeman's signals. He is always willing to help you.

Never jump off a moving car. Wait for it to stop and then look out for traffic.

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Crime and Chemistry

(*Continued from page* 51)

the modern scientists insist, or whatever term be given to their abnormal tendencies and deeds, the important assertion of science that these maniacal or criminal characteristics, whether psycopathic taints or whatever the dread symptoms are, are curable gives the peculiar significance to the institutions named, now about to be dedicated to the study of insanity and crime.

It is curious, and at least co-incidental, that in the same week that announced the beginnings of the new psychiatric campaign against insanity, occurred the tragic cases in New Jersey of employees in a gasoline factory sent to violent insanity and death by tetrathyl lead poisoning. The victims became raving mad and died in straight-jackets. But instantly, the best medical skill was invoked, the malady arrested and sanity of the survivors restored. The remedy used was injections of hyposulphate of soda. The chemical compound made insane men sane.

"The cases served to give emphasis to the new postulate of science that insanity, caused by some form of chemical derangement in the being of material man, which is wholly composed of chemicals, may be cured by chemistry. The subject is vast, and the phases as multiform as mankind, but the possibilities are there. The challenge is to science. On this, the *N. Y. Evening Post* said at the time, under the heading "Is All Insanity Chemical?":

"The case of the laboratory workers made insane by inhaling poisonous gas has a significance for transcending its mere sensationalism. Science has already established the fact that some forms of insanity are caused by chemical changes in the human body. Science has discovered that some cases of insanity yield to treatment by other chemicals. It may yet be found that all insanity can be traced to chemical reactions and the field of cure greatly widened.

"Even today the science of bichemistry is barely coming out of the shadow. As it becomes more accurate, however, the time may come when different forms of insanity may be traced to their source in a chemical reaction and neutralized by the administration of other chemicals. Some, of course, will remain incurable, just as some poisons are deadly. But what a bright field of hope is opened, even so!

"There is also something else to be gained by an advance in diagnostic knowledge in cases of insanity.

"It will become possible to devise a much more accurate definition than we have at present. Once we can tell with exactitude whether or not a person is insane, the treatment and prevention of crime can be placed upon a more scientific basis, whereas today we proceed by rule of thumb."

Elias H. Bartley, B.S.M.D. Ph.G. Prof. of Chemistry, Toxicology and Pediatrics in Long Island College Hospital and late Dean and professor of organic chemistry in Brooklyn College and Pharmacy and fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, some time ago called special attention to the century-old knowledge that man is, after all, a chemical mixture wonderously acted upon by countless chemicals, temperatures and other conditions. Prof. Bartley said:

"We have no definite knowledge of the exact chemical composition of living matter as our methods of analyzing decompose it and show us only the composition of the dead matter."

Nevertheless, as a basis upon which the new biochemistry can function in its co-operation with the law of the land and the police to regulate and restore the insane and the violently criminal, the Professor gave the following as the approximate ultimate analysis of a man 5 feet 8 inches tall, weighing 148 pounds:

Oxygen	92.4 lbs.	Chlorine	0.12 lbs.
Hydrogen	14.6	Sodium	0.12
Carbon	31.6	Iron	0.02
Nitrogen	4.6	Potassium	0.34
Phosphorus	1.4	Magnesium	0.04
Calcium	2.8	Silica	trace
Sulphur	0.24	Fluorine	0.02

A number of modern cases of insanity cures are duly attested by Dr. Geoffrey F. Cobb, of Birmingham, England.

Collosal bromine (as Dr. Cobb reports in the Journal of Mental Science, London,) has been used in the treatment of insane epileptics. In the case of the insane the fits or their equivalents he says "have certainly been modified in a very striking manner in the cases that have come under this treatment."

The dose of 2 drachms (equivalent to 10 grains of sodium bromide for males and 1 drachm—equivalent to 5 grains for females) was given three times a day after food. Some of the thirty cases treated were

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congenital mental defectives. All were benefited. *Seven were cured of insanity.*

This colloidal preparation, Dr. Cobb explains, presents itself as a probable new therapeutic agent and unlike other combinations of bromine, has produced no skin affection nor been accompanied by the customery lethargy in treatments with the ordinary bromide. One insane patient, who at all times had been querulous, morbidly introspective and hypochondriacal, was made quiet, well-behaved and sane, with not even occasional excitement or agitation, *and was enabled to go to work!*

Another patient, at times violent and extremely maniacal, and dangerous, a potential and almost certain criminal, had he been at large, was restored to sanity with no recollection whatsoever that he had been insane.

Another also of extremely violent maniacal attacks, requiring his removal to a padded room, was restored to good behavior and easily managed, although not yet pronounced cured.

A congenital mental defective, morose and very pugnacious, had regular recurrence of states of extreme violence. His mental condition is now improving under chemical treatment and he now assists in the ward!

A.W.—A female, was extremely irritable, quarrelsome, constantly annoying other patients, at all times dull and morose. She now works and assists in the ward.

Another, like the above, had to be removed to a padded cell. She is now *quiet, amiable,* and *diligent!*

These and kindred cases are interesting in connection with statements made November 17 by Dr. Edwin E. Slosson to the members of the New York Alumni Sigma X, at their dinner at the Fraternity Club. Dr. Slosson said:

"In the past the chemist has controlled the course of civilization through such gross means as the introduction of a new food or fuel, or inventions like glass or paper. But he is now beginning to get his hands upon subtler means of control, which are more direct and vastly more powerful in their influence upon the human race. It is already apparent that the forms of all creatures, from the microbe to man, are determined by certain chemical compounds in extremely minute amount."

It has been long held that every cell in the human body has millions of ancestors. The new science shows that heredity or any other mental affliction is subject to chemical influence. No one need remain under the stigmata of ancestral taint. The sins of the fathers may be neutralized in the laboratory.

It would be unfair to the world-wide study and treatment and scientific successes in checking insanity to emphasize the contemporary movement in psychiatry and chemical treatment of the insane and criminal as an advance not perceived before. It is not that, but what is more or equally important, a recognition on the part of the authorities who control public funds and endowments that if chemistry combined with psychiatry can cure in one case a dozen, it is possible, given the facilities, to extend the treatment to the hundreds of thousands and possibly millions afflicted with some form of mania.

The crusade which in its popular phase seems sensational, grows out of research. It has been known, for example, that an "intravenous injection of hyper-

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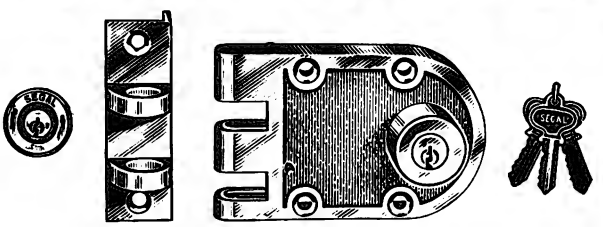

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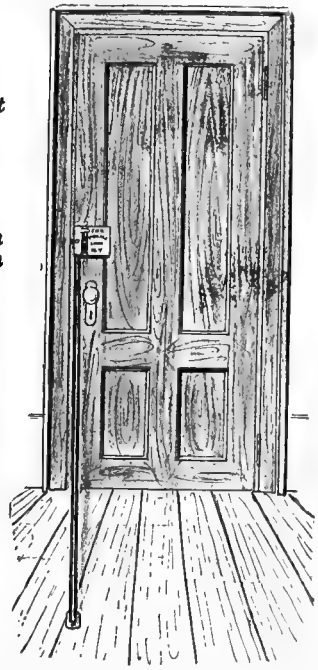

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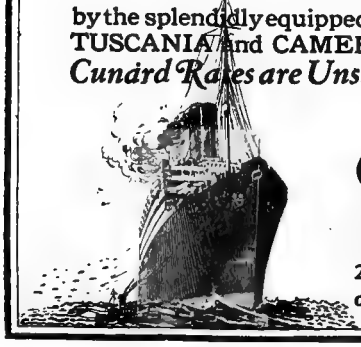

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tonic saline solution (15 per cent) causes a rapid withdrawal of fluid from the brain."

The functioning of the so-called adrenal glands has long been studied. The announcements of science become sensational at criminal trials in the courts because experts in criminology can and do explain homicides and all their horrors in terms which to the layman seem bizarre. Thus, the psychiatrist, usually brought into court at the expense of the defense, traces the crime to insanity, or mental disturbance, caused by an increase or decrease or perverted secretion of the thyroid, adrenal, ovary or pituitary parts.

It is not that science is ranged on the side of the defense, but that these experts who have given years of research to the body and the mind command high professional fees. The ordinary murderer cannot summon their scientific testimony and is doomed. The criminals who come from rich homes can afford to pay the experts able to explain, or at least to put in scientific terms, the phenomena of whirlwinds of brain and blood that overthrow reason and control and thus lead to tragedy and crime.

In his new work, "Insanity and the Criminal," John C. Goodwin starts with a quotation from Sir Bryan Donkin, M.D. author of "The Feeble-Minded Criminal" as follows, from a speech at a conference in Birmingham, Eng. "The weak-minded amount to between 1 and 15 per cent of the total number of persons committed to prison; the true maximum is probably higher than this * * * Owing to their inherited capacities and to certain surroundings, a large number of mental defectives tend to become criminals, and a considerable portion, even 20 per cent, of so-called criminals or law-breakers are demonstrably mentally defective."

This gives a conservative basis on which to justify the chemical crusade against insanity and crime. Although saying that Sir Bryan's statement crystallizes the whole question of the relationship between insanity and crime, Mr. Goodwin further in his survey quotes Hippocrates (400 B.C.) who said: "Our tendencies towards vice and virtue, and towards health and sickness, come from our parents and from the basic elements composing us." Also Tyndall's famous address to the British Association is recalled, when he cast doubts on the doctrine of free will and startled his audience by saying: "Why, intellectual textures are woven for me, not by me," and Henry Mandsley is quoted similarly in the words: "We are saints and sinners according to the configuration of the nerve tracts concerned."

Whether heredity, the stress of economic conditions or whatever the first cause, the toxic effect, either of inherited taint or thought, impure food, poisons alcoholic or other kind, must, of course, be considered in their effect upon the human composition and the being, so far as material man is concerned, chemistry and marvelously compounded, the science of chemical effect upon the body and brain, is, as stated, boundless in its scope and possibilities. Goodwin speaks of the mind as the clearing house of millions of impressions.

Oliver Wendell Holmes (who was a physician, and professor of medical science at Harvard) wrote of man as "a few gallons of water, a few pounds of carbon and lime, some cubic feet of air, an ounce or two of phosphorus, a few drams of iron, a dash of common salt, a pinch of sulphur and a grain or more of other ingredients."

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Everywhere now we encounter admonitions regarding the chemical energy of foods. One famous chain of restaurants prints on its menus the per cent of proteins, fats, calories and carbohydrates.

The introduction of chemistry to control and cure insanity and crime may be as important as Metchinkoff's discovery or even comparable with the discovery (one of the most important) of the transformation of energy. We are on the verge of a colossal new era of science in which chemistry will solve some of the most perplexing social problems confronting the police of the world.

Professional Pride

(*Continued from page* 34)

hallowed excitement of unlawfully removing gold! My story demands it, my career demands it"—he was talking excitedly now—"my readers would demand it if they knew of my predicament, and there's one thousand dollars even in it if the thing is pulled before my eyes."

Tippy McGee was nosing into his third glass of brew. The author guy had finished by now and his eyes were on Tippy, as if begging a favorable answer. Tippy was displaying a less formidable expression now because he actually felt a strong compassion for his companion; the kind of compassion not mentioned in the Bible, but a bridging of the understanding brought about by a crude appreciation of what the other fellow sometimes goes through. Yes, Tippy did know there were books in the world, including Hug Hogan's, and after all, he supposed somebody had to dope out plans in a place like Jerry O'Garry's in order that the darned things might be published.

Tippy picked his words carefully. With a queer smile he answered: "The thousand ducats, as I said before, Mister, is taboo with me as being a mentionable. Such amounts are outlawed in my class. If the money must be turned out of your pocket, do it after the job's done and don't think you're doin' much." Then, in a detached way Tippy went on, "I think I'll take you up, if you don't land me in the jug by stumblin' over the hand-painted Chinese vase by the fountain side of Mrs. Ostrander's sun parlor at Shoholah, Suffolk County, New York. Tippy McGee makes up his mind quick when there's makin' up to do. Mrs. Ostrander's on my schedule—been there for the last week—but I been kinder lazy, spendin' my evenings with a girl and spendin' my money too, and I kinda think Mrs. Ostrander's the logical place for me to do the refillin' stunt to my pocketbook.

"But, Mister, forget the consideration in terms of U. S. coin. What I'm going to do tonight is in the interests of my profession. I'll take you on in behalf of the thirty-three million magazine readers of this country who don't know the first thing about the way a rated burglar works. I read Hug Hogan's book and many another East Side gentleman has glimmed it too. All their studyin', all my studyin' of the 'First aids to proficient burglary, or the art of the simple entrance' shouldn't be wasted. So in the interests of an honest writin' job bein' done about the profession, I'll take you up to Mrs. Ostrander's in the Shoholah hills tonight."

Thus an historic bargain was struck in Jerry O'Garry's place. Burglary was linked inevitably with author-

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dom. Altruism and Tippy McGee's desire for a faithful presentation of the excitable profession were behind it. Time and meeting place arranged, sensations for the afternoon were over, it seemed to McGee, until, on making their exit from O'Garry's, the author guy stepped into a closed automobile, quite royally. His chauffeur yawned a bit and was glad to be off from his long wait up the street.

II

THE Harford Bailey Ostrander's palatial homestead at Shoholah was as representative as any of its kind in the wealthy section in which it nestled. The Ostranders were famous for their divorcing sons and daughters—experts in the making of society gossip and newspaper publicity. Harford Bailey, himself, was liked by his wife and scions for the considerable dollars gained in the Wall Street melee which he checked out to them. Mrs. Harford Bailey Ostrander had more than one outstanding, describable feature other than a marked ponderousness of frame, and among these, not the least was her collection of rare stones, dress decorations, pearl strings and brooches *orienté*. We are concerned with the objects that would bring her to the attention of Tippy McGee and his select, talented pals—the baubels which caused the Bradstreet and Dun investigators to toil over tall lists of figures. Tippy McGee knew well of these and had designs on them not commensurate with his earlier teachings from his one month at Sunday School. They merely meant just a little more "junk" to Mrs. Harford Bailey Ostrander, but to McGee they were tonic, a spur to his burglar's covetousness and a lure to his pocket!

As Robert Lakestream's fast car sped up Fifth Avenue that evening, even the exhaust seemed to hold a new sound for him. The closed car and the chauffeur had been changed for a racing model and Lakestream as pilot of the red, six-cylinder motor. By Lakestream's side reposed Tippy McGee as if he had always done just this. A sweater of black was wadded around him, his garb practically the same otherwise as it had been that afternoon. His "pony shooter" was still in his right back pocket, his cartridges in his leather vest, and his unassuming jimmy tucked under the roll of his sweater. His outfit was complete and in line with the best accepted code advanced in Hug Hogan's book. His scar didn't smart tonight and his comrade's cigarettes—English, by Jove!—had an unusually pleasant taste. Here was a new adventure for Tippy, as indeed it was for Robert Lakestream. What would Tippy's cronies say if they could have seen the way he had rolled his eyes imperiously at the traffic cop directing things at Fifty-ninth Street and the Avenue! And all the while whizzing along with an author guy who was known from coast to coast for his writings, a gink whose face was almost as well-known as that of Charley Chaplin. The crazy mixture of proletariat and éclat tickled Tippy's soul.

The exhileration of the clear October night air had a salutary effect upon the spirits of both author and safe-cracker. Neither could outdo the other in enthusiasm over the unusual mission or the general optimism that had pervaded their preparations. Lakestream was getting a thrill from the very thought of the adventure; what had ceased to be an adventure for

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Tippy was sanctified in his mind by the thought that burglardom was at last to be done justice—and through his own far-sightedness!

Shoholah might seem far from the metropolis to one traveling with one's mother-in-law, but to two amicable creatures of high calling like Robert and Tippy, the road whizzed beneath them. Soon the squat railroad station was sighted; they were beating it by the gas route through the sleeping village and shortly, the writing guy, at the bidding of McGee, slid his foot off the accelerator.

"Hold her brother, hold her," said the East Sider to the man of letters. "We're getting into alien territory and from now on follow me like Bryan does the presidency. From now on I'm the General givin' lessons to little Willie Rookie. Drive her slow up this road yer coming to on the right. There, now go easy on the speed pedal, we're almost there. Stop!!!

This last came suddenly, peremptorily. Tippy McGee had abandoned his affectedly gracious New York tone when he jerked these words out to Lakestream. He was adopting his burglar attitude, the cryptic jargon of his hazardous game, thought the author guy to himself.

"It's all right," said Tippy, a moment later, after listening intently and as if to calm the nervous Lakestream. "I wanted to make sure that no other car was hereabouts. It's one of the prime rules in Hug's book."

They drove but little further. The car was parked in a particularly dark spot under the protection of a thick clump of trees just off the road. Lights were snapped out, the motor stilled. The Ostrander grounds began fifty feet off in that direction, Tippy informed the quivering author in a whisper and pointing. He would soon be working now he told Lakestream but that individual was all intent on getting the thing over with, for he was just beginning to sense the danger, the risk to his name. He must move rapidly and stealthily over the closely-cropped grass, Tippy warned him, and make for the shelter of the outlying houses.

All was silent. Under a Harvest moon beautifully bright, but the more ominous for their illicit mission, the two illy-matched men stalked. Arcturus and Vega were staring hard down at them, Lakestream imagined, and he damned the moon which he had described so soulfully in his love stories and which was now militating against his own success and making long, scary shadows of himself and Tippy on the lawn.

A dog barked, but afar off, luckily, thought Lakestream. Now they were by the long white garage which also had servants' rooms in its upper stories. Here Tippy placed his finger to his lips in a signal for absolute stealth and silence. Then he darted across the brightly lit lawn, heading for the great house which stood beautifully outlined in the very center of the vast estate.

Tippy did not have to use his pocket flashlight to gain a low lying balcony railing gracefully. The author guy followed. If he had slipped, making a noise, gumming the works, Tippy would have drilled him. Lakestream was breathing hard. He tried to see himself at his typewriter doing justice to the thrilling suspense of this scene! What a dub an author is, he thought, and Tippy thought so too a moment later when Lakestream bumped into a porch chair. After a

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scared moment of listening, however, all appeared serene.

Then Tippy McGee showed to Lakestream and readers of the Grand Magazine how adept a pupil of Hug Hogan can be. He carefully marked a square in the lower section of the large stained glass observation window fronting the balcony. This done to his satisfaction, he marked off a similar section in the upper pane of the window. Within this small square in the extreme right hand corner, he cut an even smaller section. Reversing his glass cutter he gently tapped the smaller section. It was a tiny piece of glass and would make no noise falling on the thick rug inside.

Then Hug Hogan's protegé slipped his finger into the smaller section. He turned his index finger so as to force the larger section outward. This Tippy caught carefully. He next thrust his whole forearm into the spacious section and turning his hand downward, pressed outwardly on the large cut section of the lower sash. This he caught gingerly as it fell out in one piece. It was placed noiselessly on the floor of the porch.

With the burglar-alarm hazard removed, Tippy McGee and the author guy stepped in through the dark opening. Tippy's flashlight showed they were in the library of the Ostrander mansion. He took a sheet out of his pocket, unrolled it before his flashlight and scanned the plan of the rooms.

"There's ours," he whispered to Lakestream, who was unable to do anything except cause his lips to quiver and his eyes to stare.

The objective room was made without mishap. Several times Lakestream came near stumbling over low objects and once he would have fallen over a bear rug if Tippy hadn't caught his arm. He marveled at Tippy's Indian-like tread. Soon they were before a small wall-safe which was not concealed in the slightest from the intuitive Tippy. It was merely behind a picture which was the smallest in the room, the others being huge frames of oil and pastel work.

The moon-beams strayed into the room and actually connived in aiding the deftness of Tippy's fingers which were playing delicately with the milled combination knob.

How easily the whole thing had been done, thought Lakestream! Soon Tippy would complete the business of the night, they would slip out through the broken glass panel of the balcony window through which they had come and run for the car. What a thrill he could ever after put into his burglar stories, especially in "Horrible Henry's Last Job"! What was that?

A sound! Somebody coming? Coming toward them? Here was a thrill the author guy had not looked for! The floor creaked in the next room—voices were now heard. Like a flash Tippy McGee crossed the room to the nearest window, raised it to the clang of the alarm-bell and leaped. But not before a bullet sped after him as he did so.

It came from a blue barreled revolver in the hands of the Chief of Police of Shoholah. And beside him, armed and angry, crowded several plain-clothes men, garagemen and stable hands, butlers, servants, gardeners and others!

Where was Lakestream, Tippy's burglarious pal? Staring into as many guns as there were right hands in the group that surrounded him! Staring blankly,

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wonderingly, unable to believe what had so suddenly taken place. There was no questioning him for words, those pieces of language—putty, which he manipulated so facilely when at his typewriter—words he could not utter. Toward morning, in the Shoholah jail, he found his first words. They were to the effect that he was ruined, his literary career blasted. What would become of him? If only he had been content to write his damned story from second-hand knowledge instead of poking his head into this disgraceful mess!

What he told to the Shoholah magistrate that morning wasn't funny to Robert Lakestream, but for some reason or other it struck that official as decidedly humorous. It was a matter of detailed explanation, of 'phone calls, credentials shown and facts as to his mission before the thing was cleared up. Really, Mrs. Ostrander was amused, and famous Mr. Robert Lakestream should never try anything like that again. Would she press a charge? Heavens no, with Mr. Lakestream on the program to read of his Egyptian adventures before her Blue Monday Pekoe party next Wednesday afternoon!

Nor did the judge entertain for one minute the belief that Lakestream was a crook. The latter's severest punishment was to be called a fool before he finally emerged from the Shoholah jail. Then he got his automobile, still safely on the road near Ostrander's and stepped on the gas.

Shortly after that, the town reporter came in to glance yawningly over the police blotter. He stopped in the middle of his yawn and stared at the name on the record. The story from the Chief came soon afterward. What was missing in the "beat" story was supplied by the judge, and the newspaper man made a hasty but triumphant exit.

III

It can be guessed that among many thousands of others, Robert Lakestream, noted author of the "Yellow Gold", "Famous Demons" and scheduled contributor of the forth coming star feature in the Grand Magazine, saw the headlines in all the New York papers that morning. "Famous Author Turns Burglar to Get Inspiration" one caption ran, and "Lakestream Caught Looting Ostrander Mansion" said another. There were the stories and there his portrait in all the newspapers. Lukily enough, thought Lakestream, each one mentioned the reason, the urge behind his expedition. The telephone bell rang. The Star wanted his photograph and would he pose for their syndicated movie news weekly?

A light came into Lakestream's face. His early morning scowl, his moroseness were gone. A knock came at the door. Two letters, delivered by messenger, were presented by his valet. He ripped open feverishly the first one his hand grasped. It was from the editor of the Grand Magazine. Would Lakestream kindly hurry the manuscript for his leading story on an A No. 1 burglary? The publicity it was receiving would probably sell the magazine quarter of a million copies over its regular demand. "Kindly accept a new rate of $7,500 for this story", it concluded!

Then came the next envelope. It was addressed in poor longhand, with a cheap, characteristic ink:

"Dear Sporty Guy:

Too bad about the haul. I missed out on those alarm wires around that place. So thin

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a guy can't see them or feel them, but they work, damn them!

I got you the glad news in all the papers though, even if the job was balled up. Not so bad after all? Tippy McGee thinks he better hang on to that $2,500 you had in your pocket yesterday. You leaned too near to my working hand at O'Garry's. You got more than $2,500 worth out of the job, but I won't grunt about my share. Ethel says it's enough to make a trooso and a Mrs.

Yours,

TIPPY MCGEE."

Why People Disappear

(*Continued from page 37*)

hotel as assistant housekeeper. Then she went to a summer hotel as housekeeper. She is one of the best women hotel executives in this city. Her husband has never returned. But her little girl is in a fine boarding-school. The woman has a good job and a good bank account. She comes in now and then to tell me a new chapter in her story of success.

"Prevention of runaways? There is none save to make home as attractive as you can. Let parents be not household tyrants but household friends. In that way the number of youthful runaways can be considerably lessened; let us say by half. For the adult runaway there is no cure."

"The saddest case?" I prompted.

"They are all sad at the beginning." smiled the Captain. "But generally glad at the end. Remember that ninety-eight percent of lost persons are found. The cases of amnesia or aphasia are inconsiderable. Not more than two percent. Don't make a sob story of it. It's really a story of vigilance and despatch. Every morning there is a lineup in this Department. Thirty-seven of the staff—thirty-four men and three women—listen to a description of missing persons; a description as accurate as we can get. Persons who have lost someone are likely to be so excited that they forget such important points as clothing or birth marks. Photographs of the missing are shown when possible. Then the clews are followed up. Stations are watched, crowds are scrutinized.

"Occasionally there are two persons that are strangely alike. For instance a girl from a good Virginia family was reported missing. An officer saw a girl of that description demonstrating a hair tonic in a show-window on Broadway. He brought her to the office. She corresponded exactly to the description of the missing girl. Age, height, weight, eyes and hair and complexion were the same, even a scar on the right arm. But the girl who was brought in gave complete proof of her identity. We had to release her. She was a working girl from New England.

"It is curious how many mistakes are made in identification in the morgues. A woman was perfectly certain that a body in the 'dead house' was her husband. She wept over him and buried him. In a month her husband came back."

The record of the Missing Persons Department for the last year was an amazing one. Eight thousand

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A considerable percentage of missing persons reported to the New York Bureau consists of the old and feeble-minded.

persons were reported missing. Only twelve of these were unaccounted for.

Six thousand cases are investigated. These were not strictly "missing" persons. They were absentees of more or less long standing of whom friends or lawyers want to know their whereabouts. The Department draws a strong line between the two classes. Of the 6,000 investigations thus made only forty-four remained unsolved.

There were 1,466 requests from other towns for information about persons missing from other cities and towns. All but seventy-one of them were traced by the New York Police Department. There were 1,575 investigations asked for by other cities. Of this list all cases were solved.

The brilliant record was established of success in ninety-eight per cent of its cases—a record which no department of the New York police service has ever surpassed.

The greater restlessness of the male of the species is strongly indicated by the proportions derived from the Missing Persons Bureau. Last year 1,800 girls under eighteen were missing as compared with 3,300 boys under eighteen. Of adults between the ages of twenty-one and seventy 2,700 were women, 5,164 were men. Of "investigated" cases of persons long unheard of 2,446 were females, while the role of males whose wanderings required investigation was 4,553. The proportion, from the juvenile runaways to the septugenarian wanderers from the hearthside, was practically fixed. Scarcely half as many ewe lambs as rams were missing from the fold. From the freckle-faced boy, who wanted to go fishing, to grandpapa moved to take a trip to the next state, the male was proven to be the truant sex.

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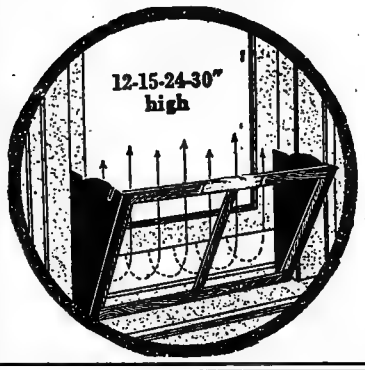

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The Kingdom of the Crook

KEYS TO CROOKDOM: An encyclopedia of crime, criminals and methods used to combat them. Illustrated with photographs. By George C. Henderson. New York, D. Appleton & Co.

A REMARKABLY complete familiarity with all the various types of criminals, evidently attained over a period of years, statistics drawn from all parts of the United States, and much sound advice to those who may suffer from the operations of the criminal are the chief characteristics of Mr. Henderson's volume. According to his introduction Mr. Henderson in the course of a newspaper career has met and talked with many criminals both in prison and out of it; has lived the life of a "hobo" and associated with thugs, tramps, thieves, counterfeiters, dopesters, yeggs, bunco men and gamblers. The result is a remarkably interesting volume of some 425 pages which probably contains more original, first-hand information of value to the honest citizen than anything of its kind yet produced.

An introduction written by August Vollmer, the head of the famous Police School at Berkeley, California, pays a deserved compliment to the author and states positively that a knowledge of the ways and methods of criminals will be most serviceable in checking their activities.

Mr. Henderson's examples are well-chosen and bear the imprint of verisimilitude, even when for good reasons exact identification is omitted. In stressing the resourcefulness of crooks one incident is related of the opening of a "cannonball" type of safe, for many years regarded as impregnable. The first "cracking" of this safe is reported as having occurred in a bank at Los Altos, Calif., in 1921 where the thieves operated with the oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe, cutting out a section at the top, then filling the safe with water, and finally burning out a portion large enough to permit reaching inside for the valuables, the water being used to prevent the intense heat developed from destroying the currency.

Reference is also made to a notorious "fence", or receiver of stolen property, who organized a big securities corporation, bought a bank, organized and operated a large department store which disposed of property, and, like all the rest, wound up in jail.

Particular attention is devoted to the industrial swindler who operates through human gullibility, ignorance and greed. Mr. Henderson says that these swind-

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ers annually take from the public *two billions of dollars* by artifice and fraud. He apportions this sum into divisions; one billion in stock frauds, $400,000,000 in fraudulent bankruptcy, $100,000,000 from forgery and bogus checks, $25,000,000 in realty operations, and $400,000,000 in miscellaneous fraud operations.

In the author's opinion, as the result of his investigations, over one-third of the "business opportunities" advertisements in the daily newspapers are fraudulent, and forty percent are extremely doubtful. Correspondence schools come in for attention, Mr. Henderson considering that most of these are fraudulent in their purpose and operation. Among such schemes in education he lists journalism, scenario writing, crime detection, languages, music, engineering and art. Trickery by mail is responsible for enormous losses, he contends, and his flat statement that "education is a matter of mental evolution that requires years of study and hard work", and "that those who wish to become scholars by pushing a button or turning a crank * * * should remember that 99 percent of the mail order courses fail."

A complete glossary of criminal "argot" is attached, and the volume is carefully indexed. For the average citizen—who furnishes the two billion gleaned annually by crooks—this volume should prove of intense interest and value.

Mart Hogan's Hunch

(*Continued from page* 29)

exactly that he had watched two servants removing from the wall in back of the Lanagan garden on two successive nights.

The butler yelled. Members of the household came rushing downstairs with terror written on their faces. Detective Mart Hogan stood there grimly facing them.

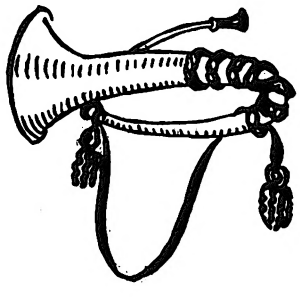
* * * *

It was comparatively simple to gather the facts. The physician and the undertaker broke down soon enough under the grilling to which they were subjected by police and reporters.

Timothy Lanagan was aboard ship bound for Liverpool.

A few days later, when Hogan was preparing to sail for England to bring back his man, now the guest of Scotland Yard, the Chief remarked: "Well, Mart, it's too bad you won't have time to visit Ireland."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the big detective. "Lanagan once told me to get a bank robber. If I can get enough of them I'll visit the old country some day."



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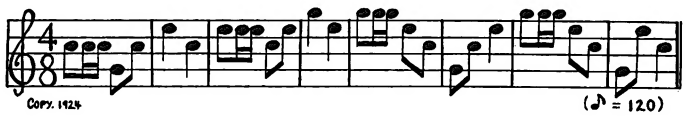
C. R. C.

What These Mystic Letters Mean at Great Ceremonials

"WHERE were you eleven, eleven, eleven?"

"Rather an odd question", muttered the passer-by, and kept on going.

"Hold on there! Answer me before you take another step!"

The passer-by halted, glancing back at the policeman who had accosted him, with an astonished expression as though to say: One of us must be crazy! This expression gave way to curiosity, for when the policeman came up to him, he inquired: "What under the canopy do you mean by eleven, eleven, eleven? Is it a football code, or some high sign? It's evidently a case for a detective, and not for me".

"Yes, it's a case for everybody. Perhaps I should have asked: Where were you the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month?"

"Oh! You refer to Armistice Day. In some States I might have been at a game of golf, or on a picnic or some outing, or just stayed at home. Then again, in places where it was a half-holiday, I would have been at my regular routine. But at some time during that day I became acquainted with C. R. C".

"C. R. C? C. R. C?" mused the policeman, "Never heard of that before".

"Beg pardon, but you have—not only heard it, but seen it. C. R. C. originated with a young composer-pianist, S. Walter Krebs, and was first broadcast on the radio to the public on Armistice Day, in the schools, churches, shipyards, other institutions, and various public meetings. Franklin D. Roosevelt considers 'Mr. Krebs' idea a good one and a sound one', as do many other individuals and organizations, not only by endorsement, but by usage. Gov. Smith and Gov. Baxter were some of the first to heartily approve, Gov. Hinkle included it in his Armistice Day Proclamation. From Mr. Krebs' idea Adjutant-General Edward J. Westcott of New York State gave the suggestion in the wording of his communication to the Commanding Officers of the National Guard and Naval Militia, the Navy Yard of New York condensing it to C. R. C. Many of the States have used it, the Adjutant-Generals, American Legion and National Guard co-operating. But all this is quite a long story, and I'll just finish now by saying that your patrolman John Shultz was behind the bugle when radio Station WNYC used the 'Roll Call' ceremony".

"Just a minute! Don't go till you tell me what C. R. C. means."

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By CORNELIUS F. CAHALANE
Deputy Chief Inspector, N. Y. City Police

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"It means Ceremony of the Roll Call", answered the passer-by. "It's a new bugle theme, composed several years ago."

The "Roll Call" is fitting, and effective, in name and music. It ushers in or announces any tribute of silence, on occasions of a memorial or similar nature, especially on Memorial Day and Armistice Day. It brings together in spirit those present with those who have passed into the great beyond; it is a Roll Call for the living, as well as the dead.

The Ceremony of the Roll Call consists of: 1. Sounding of the "Roll Call"; 2. A period of silence; 3. Silence ending with Taps. The Ceremony can be rendered by itself anywhere, or it can also be rendered as part of any appropriate program or exercises.

The Ceremony of the Roll Call is elastic, and can have variations. For example: Between the silence and Taps could come: 1. An address, a sermon, or prayer; 2. Recitation of a poem, singing of hymn or solo, or the playing of a piece or composition; 3. Reading of names of those who have entered the great beyond; 4. Salvo or salute to the dead by firing squad; 5. Unveiling of a memorial tablet, statue, or monument, or dedication of the same; 6. Planting of a memorial tree or seed; 7. Presentation of a flag, or massing of the colors. These items can be combined, or they can come between the sounding of the "Roll Call" and the silence, or they can take the place of the silence.

"Now I know what you mean by C. R. C.", the policeman commented, "On Jan. 9th the American Legion of the Police Department will use it, Patrolman Shultz sounding the 'Roll Call', and Patrolman Langdon sounding Taps. The Honor Legion had the core of the 'Roll Call' printed on their Memorial program held Dec. 21st in the Heckscher Foundation Theatre, as a tribute to 'members of the Honor Legion of the Police Department who died in performance of duty'. They used it, too, at their annual Thanksgiving Eve affair, right after the presentation of a Gold Star Flag, Patrolman Benisch behind the bugle."

"Eleven, eleven, eleven", responded the passer-by.

"C. R. C!". returned the other as he disappeared around the corner.

Blue Coated Samaritans

WHEN Mrs. Hope Mastriano, 21 years old, dark and pretty but frail and undernourished, left her son Johnny, two and one-half years old, on the steps of Morrisania Police Court she brought to public notice a minor tragedy of New York life that was to produce its own redeeming feature.

Having been deserted by her husband four months before Johnny was born, Mrs. Mastriano had since found herself unable, even by hard work, to properly feed herself and the boy. He had been starving for three days, so in a last desperate effort to see that the boy was fed she had put Johnny on the court steps. She thought he would be properly taken care of by some society.

Her mother love, however, was stronger than the feeling of desperation and in about twenty minutes she went back to regain her boy. In the meantime Johnny had been discovered and taken in by a policeman. On her appearance it was necessary to arrest her on a charge of vagrancy. The law is the law.

Here came what Mrs. Mastriano regarded as a queer reversal of things. The very policeman who, as a matter of duty, arrested her, collected from their station mates a purse of $22 and gave it to her to furnish herself and child with proper food and clothing.

Then other impossible things began to happen. Miss Margaret Hoey, a Catholic Big Sister, took charge of the little mother until she should find work again and Johnny was taken into the care of the Bronx Children's Society, pending an effort to find his father. Which left Mrs. Mastriano and Johnny happy.

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Anthology of a Cop

By Minna Irving

Let others sing of famous knights
And warriors of old,
Rustem and Beowulf, the Cid,
And Tamerlane the bold,—
I give the greenest laurel-wreath
To Law and Order's prop,
That tower of strength in blue and brass,
The ever-faithful cop.

In snow or sleet, in rain or sun,
He tramps his weary beat
With eye alert for skulking forms
In area-way or street.
Lest we forget to lock the door
He tries it passing by,
And unafraid we slumber when
We know that he is nigh.

His breast is broad to shield the we
His arm is long and strong
In reaching to defend the right,
And castigate the wrong.
He daily plays a hero's part
Without reward or praise,
A pension is the most he gets
On which to end his days.

No matter where he pounds the pa
Upon Fifth Avenue,
Or Main Street up in Pumpkinvill
His tunic's just as blue.
His patient courtesy directs
The stranger lost in town,
And children know his heart is kin
So do not fear his frown.

He is the lord of traffic, too,
He lifts a white-gloved hand
And millionaire and beggar halt
Awaiting his command.
And he is good to look upon,
With cheek of ruddy tan,
And figure like a Grecian god's—
Oh, match him if you can!

Patrolman, peg-post, roundsman, desk,
And mounted, horse or wheel,
To duty and his sacred oath
His soul is true as steel,
The green lights guide him on the path
From which he will not budge,
This is his slogan to the rogue—
"Come, tell it to the judge."

He is a terror to the thief,
The gunman and the thug,
His buttons serve as shining marks
For many a leaden slug.
His autocratic signal bids
Our motors "Go" or "Stop."
All hail the Finest and the Force!
Salute the gallant cop!

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